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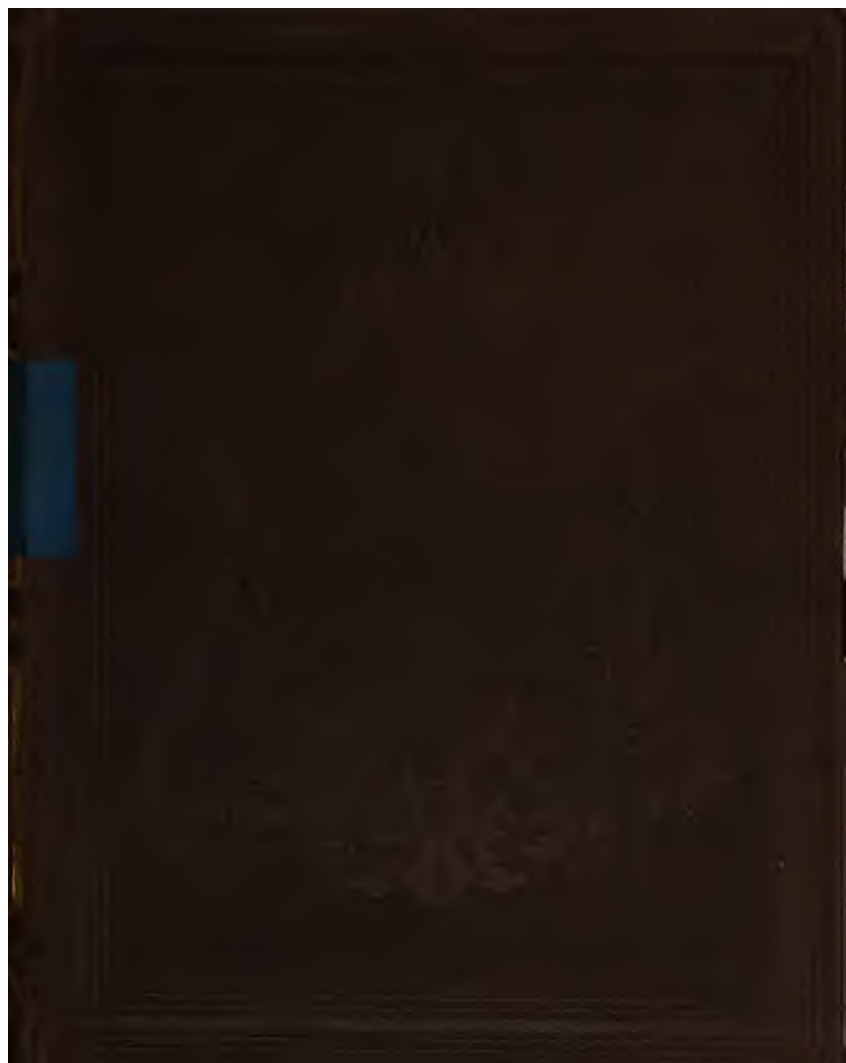
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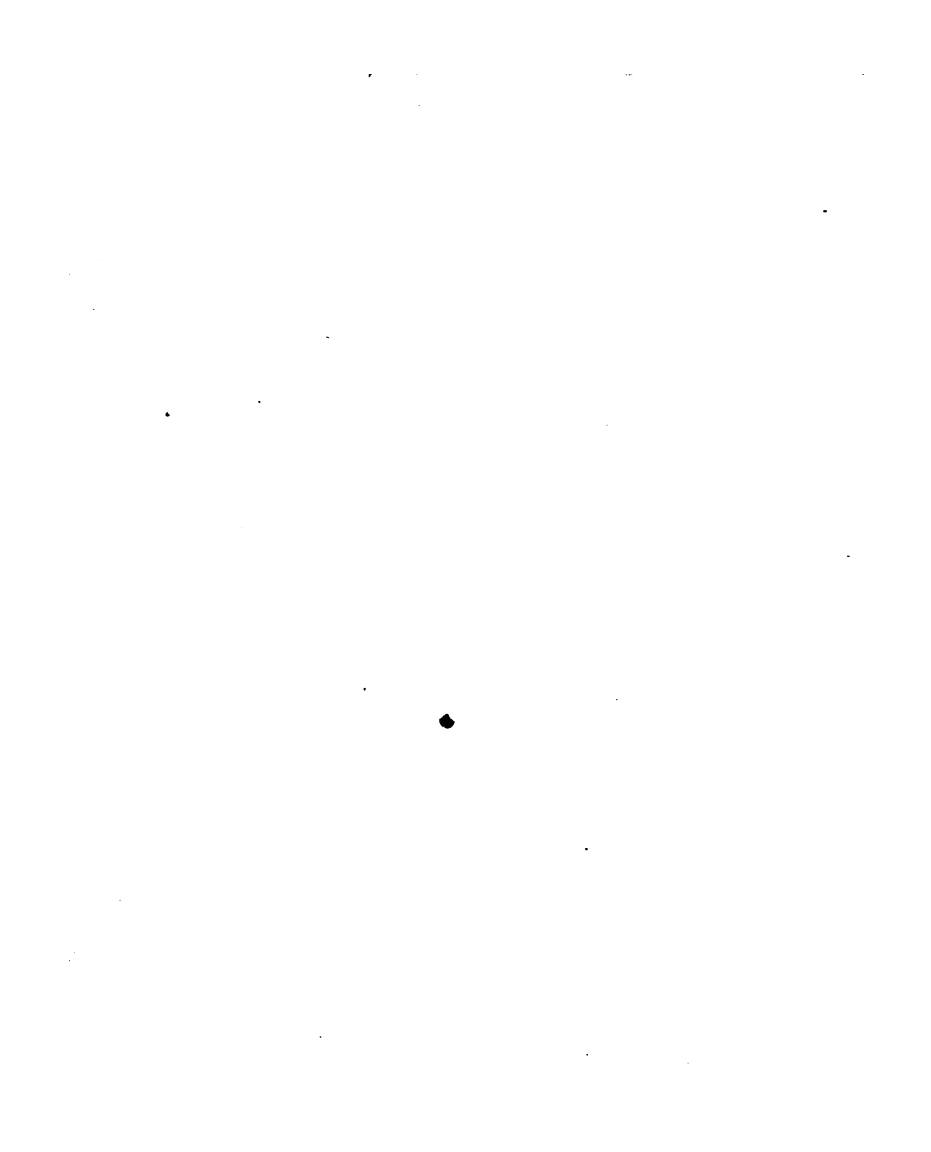
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A PRESENT
FOR
YOUNG CHURCHMEN.



"My idea of Childhood is, that it is constantly kneeling."

The Lost Brooch.

LONDON:
JAMES BURNS, 17 PORTMAN STREET.

1843.



LONDON :

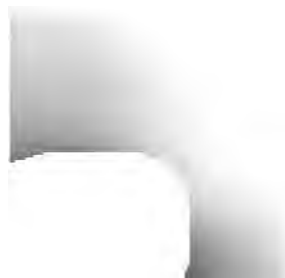
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Great New Street Fetter Lane.

DEDICATION.

To her little Brother and Sister,

This small volume, in the progress of which they have taken so much interest, and which is now published by their desire, in the hope that other Children may share in the pleasure which they have received from it, — is affectionately inscribed by

THE AUTHORESS.





THE NUTHATCH.

THE MONTHS.

January.

THIS month was named by Numa Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, about 700 years before Christ, after Janus, one of their heathen gods, said to be door-keeper of heaven, and god of peace. They represented him with two faces, one of which was old and wrinkled, and the other young and fresh-looking; and therefore the name of January was given to the first month in the year, because with one face Janus seemed to be looking back to the old year, and with the other looking forward to the new one. It was called Wolf-monath, or the wolf-month, by the

Saxons, in whose time wolves were very numerous in England; and during the frost and snow of winter they were driven from their dens by hunger to attack animals, and even men. After Christianity was established, this name was changed to Aefter-yula, or after Christmas.

The first of January, "New-Year's day," has been celebrated from a very early time as a day of rejoicing among the Greeks and Romans; with the latter it was a day of visiting, and sending little presents of figs and sweetmeats to their friends, in honour of Janus, with wishes that they might enjoy all the sweets of the new year. It is kept as a holyday through Europe, and "New-Year's gifts" and good wishes are exchanged between friends.

The sixth of January, "Twelfth-day," is considered a day of feasting and merriment. The old custom of drawing lots, and taking fictitious characters for the evening, is still kept up in many families. In old times the king or queen of the feast was chosen by a bean concealed in a cake cut into different portions.

"Plough-Monday" is the Monday after Twelfth-day, and so called because it was customary to yoke the plough now for the first time after the New-Year's week (this week being a great holyday, and all farming labour stopped for the time). In some countries the "fool's plough" is dragged about on this day by dancers with music, and accompanied by people in strange dresses.

January generally brings more frost and snow than any

other month ; and the ponds, rivers, and canals being fairly covered with ice, skating and sliding begin, and are favourite amusements. The snow keeps the roots of vegetables and plants from being injured by the cold. There is sometimes a good deal of sunshine in this month, and the stars are particularly bright and sparkling. The fox, polecat, and weasel, sometimes suffer severely from cold ; and, being made bold by hunger, prowl about hen-roosts and farm-yards, committing great ravages among the poultry. Much mischief is also done by hares and rabbits in the gardens and wheat-fields, where they feed on the tender shoots, and sometimes the rabbits strip the young trees of their bark. The dormouse and marmot take their winter sleep, while the squirrel and field-mouse live upon the stores which they have laid up in their holes against the winter. Birds are often forced by the cold to leave their retreats in search of food. The redbreast ventures into the house, and pays for his food by his song. Sparrows, yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, crowd about farm-houses and barn-doors to pick up crumbs and grains. The nut-hatch is heard ; and larks and linnets and other small birds flock to the warm stubble for shelter. Fieldfares, redwings, skylarks, and titlarks find gnats and other food in water-meadows. The titmouse may be seen pulling straw out of the thatch, and grey and pied wagtails flying round cows in search of insects. Jackdaws take up their abode in churches, and rooks in their nest-trees. Snipes, woodcocks, herons, wild-ducks, and other water-fowl, are driven from the frozen marshes to places where the waters are still open ; and in extreme cold weather sea-birds come

inland to seek their food, and grosbeaks and silktails sometimes come from foreign lands. Missel-thrushes, song-thrushes, skylarks, titlarks, wrens, blackbirds, and chaffinches, begin to sing. Few insects are seen, excepting snails and slugs. The chief business of the farmer is to feed and shelter his cows and sheep, to thrash his barley for malting, to prune his trees, and cut down timber. Towards the end of January wolf's-bane, the red dead-nettle, groundsel, rosemary, mezereon, snowdrop, creeping crow's-foot, and daisy, are in flower. The crocus appears above ground, if the weather is mild; the catkin or blossom of the hazel unfolds; the flowers of the holly open; and the leaves of the honeysuckle are quite out.





THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

February.

THIS month was also named by Numa Pompilius, who dedicated it to the Roman goddess Februa. The Saxons called it Sprout-kele, because the kale or cabbage begins to sprout in this month; and Sol-monath, the sun-month.

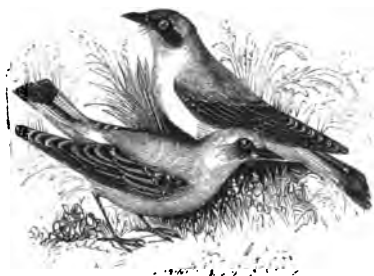
14th of February, "Valentine's Day."—St. Valentine was a priest or bishop who suffered martyrdom at Rome about 270. On this day many curious and absurd customs are still kept up, and young people sometimes send foolish letters called "Valentines" to each other, which custom is said to have arisen from a festival among the Romans called the "Lupercalia."

“Shrove Tuesday” is the Tuesday following the Sunday before Lent. The Roman Catholics were expected to prepare themselves for Lent by confessing their sins on this day. This was called by the people *shriving*, from which came the word *shrove*. It was afterwards kept as a day of idle sports and amusements, on which bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like cruel sports took place, but which are now, it is to be hoped, put an end to in England. The custom of frying pancakes on this day is still in practice in many families. Formerly the kitchen was opened, and every neighbour or passer-by allowed to go in and fry a pancake: probably this practice began from the custom in religious houses to spread the table on this day for all pilgrims and travellers.

The weather generally begins to be less cold in February, although it is often wet and gloomy. The frost and snow thaw, which sometimes causes a flood sufficient to do much mischief. Signs of returning spring are seen. The woodlark and yellow-hammer begin to sing, and the woodpecker is heard in the woods; the raven builds her nest; and many birds leave the shelter of our houses and farms, and begin to pair. On a sunny day one or two early caterpillars, who have lain torpid through the winter, may be seen, and a crowd of gnats buzzing on every side. The frogs croak; and the moles throw up their hillocks as soon as the earth is softened.

The farmer ploughs his land and sows his spring-wheat, beans, pease, and oats; the gardener prunes his trees, and digs and sows his borders.

The snowdrop, anemone, and crocus, are in flower; the yew and alder-trees put forth their flower-buds, and the gooseberry and red-currant bushes shew their young leaves about the end of the month.



THE WHEATEAR.

March.

MARCH was named by the Romans after Mars, the god of war, because he was said to be the father of their first prince. The Saxons called it Lenct-monath, or the lengthening month, because the days now begin to be longer than the nights—(Lenct also means spring, so it was their spring-month). It was likewise called Hlyd-monath, the stormy month.

This month is generally cold and windy: an old proverb says, that it "comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb," which means, that the weather in the first part of the month is often rough and stormy, but towards the end soft and mild. The rains and thaws of February leave the ground soaked with wet; and many seeds would rot and die, if the cold winds of March did not dry the soil, and prepare it for the warm sunshine and spring showers. In March there is a general stir and bustle among the birds. The pheasant crows; the goose, pigeon, and hen sit; the duck and turkey lay; the crow, rook, and hedge-sparrow build; and the greenfinch, golden-crested wren, the lark, blackbird, and thrush sing. In the course of March many of the winter-birds of passage, which have come from colder countries, leave us for their summer haunts where they breed. Among these are the redwing, fieldfare, and woodcock, which go to Sweden, Norway, &c. The bunting, reed-sparrow, red-legged sea-mew, stone-curlew, chaffinch, and wheatear make their appearance in England. (The bunting and reed-sparrow are said, however, to remain in the southern counties of England through the winter.)

Reptiles—such as snakes, frogs, newts, and lizards—which have been torpid, begin to shew themselves. Frogs rise from the bottom of ponds and ditches, and may be seen with their heads just above the water; after a time they become bolder, and are heard croaking loudly: they lay their eggs or spawn now, which look like a mass of jelly filled with little black spots. Several insects are now seen; gnats are plentiful, and the "sulphur," "orange-

under-wing," and "light-under-wing" butterflies, and "humming-bird sphinx," and "March moths" appear, as well as beetles and lady-birds. Bees venture out of their hives; and bats shew themselves towards the end of the month.

Cattle still require feeding in the farm-yard. Ploughing and sowing are going on vigorously; and spring-wheat, rye, barley, beans, pease, &c. are got in. This is the month in which lambs are chiefly born. The farmer dresses and rolls his meadows, plants quicksets, osiers, &c., sows flax, grasses, oats, broom, hemp, &c. The gardener prunes and grafts fruit-trees, sows his seeds, and digs and plants in his flower and kitchen-gardens. The willow, aspen, and alder-trees are in full bloom, as are the daffodil, rush, and spurge-laurel; the laurustinus, bay, and honeysuckle open their leaves; and crocuses, daisies, primroses, and violets are in beauty.





THE WRYNECK.

April.

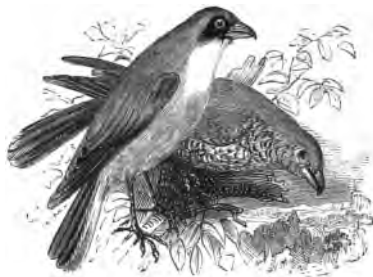
THE name "April" comes from the Latin word *aperire*, to open ; and was probably given to this month because the earth seems now to open itself and produce vegetables. It is the only month in the year not named after Roman deities, or according to its place in the old calendar. The Saxons called it Oster or Easter monath, either from the feast of Easter, or because the winds blow generally from the east in this month.

1st of April, All Fools' Day.—On this day people seek to make as many "fools" as they can, by trying to persuade them to go on fruitless errands. This custom is said to have been taken from the French, who call simpletons

poissons d'Avril, "April fish," from mackerel, which are caught in numbers in France during this month.

April is often a delightful month, though the most variable in the year. Bright and warm days of sunshine, showers of rain, and now and then cold and piercing winds, are common to it. The spring advances, and the earth becomes dressed in green. Our summer birds, the swallow, the martin, the swift, cuckoo, wryneck, redstart, wagtail, nightingale, black-cap, pied fly-catcher, wren and willow-wren, lark, whitethroat, turtle-dove, ring-ouzel, lapwing, and tern, arrive. The bittern booms; and all the birds are busily engaged, some in building their nests, others in laying, &c. Most of the insects now awake from their winter sleep. Butterflies, moths, dragon-flies, beetles, flies, ants, worms, spiders, mole-crickets, and slugs, are seen in great numbers. Fish come to the surface of the water to bask in the sunshine, and become an easy prey to the angler. Farmers and gardeners are busy sowing their seeds; early potatoes and mangel-wurzel, carrots and Swedish turnips, and evergreens, are planted. Poultry broods are now hatched in numbers.

April is rich in blossoms. The black-thorn, ash, ground-ivy, box-tree, hawthorn, sycamore, and many fruit-trees, put forth their flowers. The elm, beech, and larch-trees are now in full leaf. The chequered daffodil, primrose, cowslip, cuckoo-flower, harebell, anemone, and some orchis plants, may be seen in our fields and woods in full bloom; and lilacs, ranunculuses, polyanthuses, hyacinths, tulips, and honeysuckles, &c. &c. make our gardens gay.



THE RED-BACKED SHRIKE.

May.

MAY was so called from the heathen goddess Maia, the mother of Mercury. (Some suppose the earth to have been worshipped under this name.) The Saxons called it Trimilki, because they began to milk their cows three times a day in this month.

The first of May, "May-day," is still celebrated in some parts of England as a holyday, and devoted to merry games and sports, which are thought to have arisen from the Roman games in honour of Flora, goddess of flowers. Our ancestors used to hold an assembly on May-day. The "column of May," or "May-pole," was put up in the

“Ey-commons,” or “fields of May;” and the signal for assembling the people was made by hanging the garland of flowers upon the top of the pole. This was considered the day that divided winter and summer; and a mock battle was fought between two parties, one in defence of the continuance of winter, dressed in winter-clothing; and the other in favour of bringing in the summer, in the gay and light dress of spring. The latter party was always sure to gain the victory, which it celebrated by going round with green branches and May-flowers, singing, “We have brought the summer home.”

The 29th of May is called “Oak-day,” in remembrance of King Charles II.’s concealment in the Boscobel oak, after his defeat at the battle of Worcester; and in some places the common people wear oak-leaves in their hats on this day.

The “merry month of May” is perhaps the most pleasing time of the year. The latest summer birds of passage, the fern-owl, sedge-warbler, spotted fly-catcher, razor-bill, field-titlark, dottrel, reed-warbler, hobby, red-backed shrike, and land-rail, arrive about the beginning of the month; and most of our birds are busy hatching and rearing their young. Many insects are now on the wing; amongst others, the peacock, tortoise-shell, and cabbage butterflies, field-crickets, cock-chaffers, and glow-worms; and bees send forth their early swarms.

About the 12th of May, or old May-day, cows are turned out to pasture. The milk becomes very rich, and the business of cheese-making begins, particularly in

Cheshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire. Cow-cabbage and potatoes are planted, trees are barked and felled, corn is weeded. The gardener weeds his borders and sows his flower-seeds, and children may be seen busily employed in gathering cowslips for wine. Wild flowers are abundant; and the lily of the valley, the orchis, the honeysuckle, butter-cup, germander, and columbine, are in beauty. The flowers of the chestnut, oak, Scotch-fir, beech, hornbeam, holly, and alder-trees, begin to open.

In the gardens, the rose, lilac, laburnum, guelder-rose, rhododendron, peony, wall-flower, rockets and stocks, marigolds and anemones, are in full beauty.





THE STONE-CURLEW.

June.

JUNE is most probably named from Juno, the chief heathen goddess, in honour of whom a festival was held in this month. The Saxons called it Weyd-monath, because their beasts did then weyd or feed in the meadows; Wold, or weed-month; and Sere-monath, or dry month.

The 21st of June is the longest day in the year. "Midsummer-day" is on the 24th; and the 23d, "Midsummer-eve," used to be a time for merry-making, and meeting round large bonfires in the open air; and some remains of this custom are still to be found in parts of Cheshire and Derbyshire.

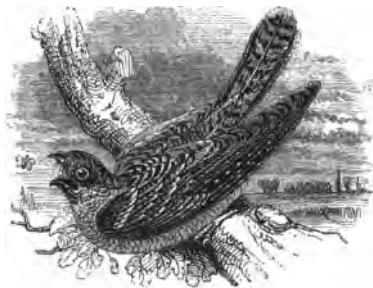
THE MONTHS.

Summer begins in this month. Nature is in her gayest as; but towards the end of the month the birds become most silent. The cuckoo's note ceases; and the lark, blackbird, stone-curlew, and golden-crested wren, are only heard occasionally. Most of the young birds are hatched, and the old birds busied in finding food for them. Swallows are only absent from their nests for half a minute at a time, and yet return loaded with insects. The barn-owl may be seen in the mild evenings gliding along hedges-rows, and now and then pouncing upon a mouse. (Some writers say that she takes a mouse every five minutes.) A great number of insects are now on the wing. The air seems full of them; and grasshoppers, beetles, flies, butterflies, and fern-chaffers, are very numerous.

The angler's May-fly appears for about a fortnight at the beginning of June. This insect only lives five or six hours, from six o'clock in the evening till eleven. Wasps make their nests in this month. The farmer has much to do now. His sheep are to be sheared, turnips to be sown, old pastures to be cleared, young corn to be weeded, &c., and the hay-harvest has begun.

There is not much to be done in gardens during June, beyond weeding and watering plants and removing insects. Fruits are ripening, and young potatoes fit for the table. The fields are covered with clover, peas, beans, and vetches, a full flower. The orchis tribe, thyme, nightshade, bindweed, bryony, poppy, ragged-robin, purple fox-glove, wild dog-rose, corn-cockle, water-iris, mallow, catch-fly, and the lime and alder-trees, are in bloom; and in our gardens, the jasmine, hollyhock, tiger-lily, lily, campanu-

las, daphnes, lychnis, sweet-williams, poppies, roses, and œnotheras, are common.



THE FERN-OWL

July.

JULY was named by Mark Anthony in memory of Julius Cæsar, who was born in this month (formerly called Quintilis), and by whom the calendar was reformed. The Saxons called it Hew or Hey-monath, the hay-month, because it was their month for mowing their meadows and making hay.

In the beginning of July the bright star Sirius, in the constellation Canis Major, the great dog, rises with the sun. From this the days between July 3d and August 11th are called "dog-days."

July is generally the hottest month in the year; and there are often storms, with thunder and lightning, which, although mischief is sometimes done by them, are frequently of great use.

Swallows, martins, and swifts, now generally flock together before leaving this country. Young partridges are found among the corn. The poultry moult, or change their feathers; but smaller birds, such as sparrows, linnets, &c. do not lose their plumage so soon.

In this month more insects are seen than in any other part of the year. Numbers of gnats, flies, beetles, frogs, and other reptiles, come into active life, and are seen in swarms in houses, gardens, and fields. The trees are full of fern-chaffers; and the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, may often be seen in the evening, wheeling round, and darting among the branches in search of them. Bees now drive away or kill the drones; and male and female ants are driven from their nests by the workers. The females lay their eggs in holes in the ground: these are hatched before winter, when the mother dies, and the other ants become torpid.

Many fish are now in season; and the salmon is caught in numbers in the north of England and Scotland. It is hunted by torch-light, and killed with spears; and caught in nets and traps, and with the fly. Mackerel are abundant; and about the middle of the month pilchards are seen in shoals off the coasts of Cornwall; and many boats are employed in this fishery.

The hay-harvest is generally ended in July; flax and hemp are pulled, and dairy-cares continue; turnips and

potatoes are hoed ; field-peas gathered for market ; hops and trees pruned ; and plants must be watered and freed from weeds, grass mown, &c. July is not so rich in flowers as May and June ; but the water-lily, the hemlock, flax, wild clematis, pimpernel, blue-bell, and convolvulus make the fields and roadsides gay. In the gardens are pinks, nasturtiums, hollyhocks, lilies, sun-flowers, lupines, china asters, marigolds, yellow roses, mignonette, &c. &c. ; and currants, gooseberries, cherries, cranberries, &c. are ripe, and very refreshing in this hot month.



THE MOUNTAIN-FINCH.

August.

AUGUST is so named after Augustus, or Octavius Cæsar, who completed the changes begun in the calendar by Julius Cæsar. Before this it had been called Sextilis, or the sixth

month (March being the first month in the old calendar of the year). The Saxons called it Arn or Barn-monath, the barn-month, because in August their harvest (or arn) was generally got in, and their barns filled.

The first of August is called Lammas-day ; either from the Saxon custom of offering loaves of new wheat, from which it was called Loaf-mass ; or that of Roman Catholics, of offering young lambs at the altars of their cathedrals on this day. From the wool of these lambs was made the pallium, or pall, a consecrated robe sent by the Pope to those whom he made cardinals or archbishops.

August is generally our quietest month ; and in the beginning of it there is frequently very fine weather. The sun is very hot ; but we are refreshed by abundance of dew. The moon is particularly beautiful in this month, and is called "the harvest-moon," because, in the harvest-season, she rises, for a week, when she is full, sooner after sunset than at any other time of the year.

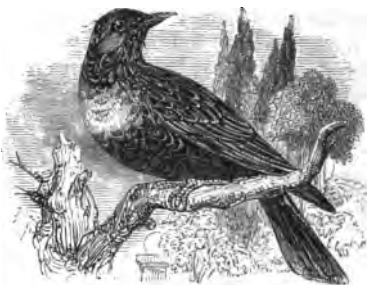
The swift, puffin, cuckoo, turtle-dove, and wryneck leave us about the middle of the month ; and the sanderling, mountain-finch, siskin, crossbeak, gulls, godwits, and plovers arrive. Rooks begin to roost in their nest-trees ; and young broods of goldfinches appear. Lapwings and linnets are seen in flocks ; and the redbreast is heard towards the end of the month. Insects still continue to swarm : flies, moths, beetles, crickets, and glow-worms are numerous ; grasshoppers, locusts, and some splendid butterflies are to be seen, particularly the swallow-tailed

butterfly, the red admiral, peacock, Camberwell beauty, painted lady, and clouded-sulphur butterflies.

August is the great harvest-month. Rye and oats are the first to ripen ; and are followed by wheat and barley. The hop-harvest now begins ; hay-ricks are thatched ; field-peas and beans gathered ; and meadows watered before the corn-harvest is begun, which occupies all hands. Crowds may now be seen in the fields ; some cutting down corn by the scythe or sickle, others binding it into sheaves, and women and children gleaning. A supper is generally given to the labourers when the last load is carried in, called the " harvest-home."

The flowers which bloomed in the last two months are now running to seed ; but heaths, ferns, rue, and saffron are in flower, and our commons are in great beauty. Our gardens have still sun-flowers, marigolds, chrysanthemums, lilies, asters, dahlias, &c. ; and fruits in abundance, such as plums, peaches, nectarines, figs, and grapes.





THE RING-OUZEL.

September.

THIS month is named from the Latin word *septem*, seven, being the seventh month in the old calendar. Some think that the ending of the name (ember, or imber, meaning a shower,) shews that the wet season begins in this month. The Saxons called it Gerst-monath, or barley-month, because it was their time for barley-harvest.

The 29th of September is called Michaelmas-day, from the festival of St. Michael and All Angels. It is one of the chief days for hiring farm-servants, and for rent and other payments. From the custom of giving those who came to pay rent to their landlord a fat goose for dinner, has arisen

a general practice of having this dish for dinner on Michaelmas-day.

This is often a pleasant month, the weather being soft and mild till towards the end of the month, when much wind may be expected. Partridges are in season now, and the shooting begins on the 1st of September. The swallow, fern-owl, ring-dottrel, blackcap, whitethroats, warblers, shrikes, fly-catchers, wagtails, terns, and wheatears disappear; and the curlew, ring-ouzel, snipes, fieldfares, and redwings arrive. The nuthatch visits our orchards; woodcocks seek for insects in old trees; and flocks of birds, such as sparrows, linnets, and larks, may be seen flying from field to field. The wood-owl hoots and shouts; and the blackbird, wood-lark, thrush, and redbreast are our chief songsters. Among the insects that appear in this month are the saffron and clouded-yellow butterflies, the death's-head hawk-moth, and convolvulus hawk-moth, ladybirds, flies, crickets, beetles, spiders, and glow-worms. The snake casts its skin. Herrings are seen off the eastern and western coasts of England, where they come to spawn; and perch and dace are in season.

The farmer ploughs, and sows wheat upon his fallows, finishes his hop and saffron harvests, and gathers in orchard-fruits for sale and cider-making; and the gardener removes decayed plants, digs, gathers seeds, and sows and plants for the next year.

Hazlenuts, walnuts, filberts, and chestnuts are gathered; and elder-berries are ripe, and fit for making excellent wine. Acorns and beech-masts fall; and squirrels, field-mice,

dormice, &c. lay up their winter-stores of food. Towards the end of September the leaves of trees begin to turn ; those of the willow to a lightish grey,—of the ash, maple, and hazle, to a pale yellow,—of the beech and cherry to red,—of the elm and hornbeam to a bright yellow,—of limes to a soft rich orange,—and of the plane, hawthorn, and oak, to a pale yellowish-green colour. Mints, wormwood, ivy, groundsel, plantain, mallows, and the clematis are in bloom ; and blackberry bushes are covered with buds, flowers, and green and ripe fruits. In our gardens, lilies, snow-flakes, dahlias, asters, and chrysanthemums, &c. are still in bloom ; and the autumnal crocus flowers.





THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

October.

OCTOBER takes its name from *octo*, eight. It was called Domitianus in the time of Domitian; but altered, by a decree of the senate, at his death. The Saxons called it Wyn-monath, or wine-month, because it was the month in which they pressed grapes and made their wine.

The last night in October is the eve of All-Saints' day, or All-Hallows eve; and used to be celebrated with rude sports and games, diving for apples, throwing nuts into the fire, &c.

The stormy weather, common towards the end of September, often passes away, and the beginning of October

is mild; but the mornings and evenings are chilly and foggy, and hoar-frosts common.

The hobby, land and water-rails, redstart, redshank, common sandpiper, and short-eared owl, take their departure; and the merlin, hooded crow, woodcock, Dartford warbler, and guillemot arrive; and flocks of water-fowl appear in low marshy grounds, and are caught in decoys, &c. About the middle of the month wild-geese leave the fens, and go to the rye-lands to devour the young corn. Rooks sport and congregate in numbers before they go to roost; and starlings assemble in the fen-countries, and may be seen perching on the reeds. On the first of October pheasant-shooting begins, and fox-hunting towards the end of the month. All fresh-water fish are in season. The ground is often covered with spiders' webs, but scarcely any insects are to be seen. Galls are produced by the eggs of the ichneumon-fly on oaks, willows, hawthorns, and roses, about this time. Bees are now generally robbed of their honey, by burning brimstone in the hive, which stupifies them. The farmer ploughs, sows wheat, beans, and acorns, and plants and fells timber-trees. The gardener gathers potatoes, carrots, beetroot, and Swedish turnips; and plants fruit-trees and bulbs, removes decayed leaves and plants, and takes in others in pots for shelter. October is the chief month for the vintage and brewing. The leaves of trees begin now to fade quickly and to fall off. The walnut, mulberry, horse-chestnut, sycamore, lime, and ash trees, lose their leaves first; then follow the elm, beech, and oak. The hedges are enlivened with berries; and the scarlet hips on the wild rose, the haws on the hawthorn,

the purple sloe on the blackthorn, and the bright berries of the privet, elder, bryony, holly, honeysuckle, and woody nightshade, together with those of the ivy, which ripen later, afford food for our winter-birds. Few flowers are to be seen in this month. The woodbines, and some others, blow a second time, but have no scent. Fungi, such as mushrooms, toadstools, &c., are numerous. The shedding and scattering abroad of the seeds of wild plants takes place chiefly in October: some have wings, others are carried away by currents, others planted by birds: many acorns are sown by squirrels, and cucumbers set by bees.





THE SILK-TAIL, OR WAXEN CHATTERER.

November.

THE name of this month is taken from *novem*, the Latin name for the number nine. The Saxons called it *Wind-monath*, on account of the stormy and boisterous weather which generally accompanies it; and *Blot-monath*, or the blood-month, from the quantity of cows, sheep, and pigs, which they killed now, to be salted for winter-provision.

November is generally a gloomy and foggy month. Many wild creatures now retire to their winter-retreats. The wood-pigeon, or stock-dove—the latest of our winter-visitors—appears at the end of the month, before which

the *silk-tail*,¹ golden plover, and pochers, are seen. The salmon now ascends the rivers to spawn; wild animals put on their winter-coats; and the Alpine hare, which abounds in Scotland, becomes white. Moles make the nests in which they lodge during the winter; the frog hides itself in the mud at the bottom of ponds and ditches; the lizard, the badger, and the hedgehog, creep into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till the spring; bats get into old barns and caves; squirrels, rats, and field-mice, shut themselves up with their winter-provisions; and the dormouse begins its winter's sleep. November is a busy farming month. The farmer finishes his ploughing and sowing; winter-fallows are turned up, and the fields drained; cattle and horses are taken into the farm-yard; sheep are sent to the turnip-fields; bees are put under shelter; and threshing begins. Forest and fruit-trees are planted, and timber felled. Few flowers are to be seen—here and there a solitary blue-bell, dead-nettle, and groundsel. The gardens have still the China-rose in bloom.

¹ This bird sometimes appears in England in April, after a hard winter. One was shot upon the Wiltshire Downs a few years ago in that month, after a long-continued frost.





THE HAWFINCH.

December.

THIS month is named from *decem*, ten, being the tenth month in the old calendar. It was called by the Saxons Winter-monath, and after their conversion to Christianity Halig-monath, or the holy month, on account of the birth of our Saviour celebrated in December. In this month the Romans held their Saturnalia, or games and holydays in honour of their goddess Vesta. Among the early Britons the Druids held their feast of Thor, called Guild or Iol, whence comes the word *yule*. Many curious customs were formerly common, as to yule-cakes and the yule-log—a block of wood got on purpose for the Christmas-fire.

The 21st of December is the shortest day in the year.

The winter now seems to be fairly set in, and this is a very cold, comfortless month. We have often night-frosts and storms of snow; but seldom a continued frost before January. Scarcely any birds but grosbeaks, swans, ducks, and geese, are to be seen. The grey-plover leaves us on the first of this month. Such of the squirrels, hedgehogs, water-rats, and field-mice, as have not become torpid in November, now retire to their holes. Cattle and sheep require great attention in feeding and sheltering. Sheep are generally left out in the fields, and without care might be smothered by snow, of which storms sometimes come on suddenly, accompanied by high winds, which drift it into heaps. The farmer is also employed in threshing, winnowing, sacking, and carrying the corn to market; and the gardener in matting and protecting trees and plants from the cold, and preparing the ground for the labours of spring. The evergreen-trees, such as firs and pines, with their cones, are now much valued. The oak, beech, and hornbeam, keep some of their leaves. The scarlet berries of the holly, the branches of pyracantha, the laurustinus, and the mosses and lichens, are now in great beauty.



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come ! I come ! ye have call'd me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers ;
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free ;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian¹ clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

¹ western.

They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie, may be now your home :
Ye of the rose-cheek, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly ;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not stay !

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne ;
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn ;
For me, I depart to a brighter shore ;
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell !

MRS. HEMANS.



SELECT PASSAGES.

The Church.

The Holy Catholic Church.—*Apostles' Creed.*

One Catholic and Apostolic Church.—*Nicene Creed.*

THE Church of Christ, which we properly term His body mystical, can be but one; neither can that one be sensibly discerned by any man, inasmuch as the parts thereof are, some in heaven already with Christ, and the rest that are on earth (albeit their natural persons be visible) we do not discern under this property whereby they are truly and infallibly of that body. . . . Such a real body there is,—a body collective, because it containeth an huge multitude,—a body mystical, because the mystery of their conjunction¹ is removed altogether from sense. Whatsoever we read in Scripture concerning the endless love and the saving mercy which God sheweth towards His Church, the only proper subject thereof is this Church. Concerning this flock it is that our Lord and Saviour hath promised, “I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish,

¹ union, joining together.

neither shall any pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28). —As those everlasting promises of love, mercy, and blessedness, belong to the mystical Church; even so, on the other side, when we read of any duty which the Church of God is bound unto, the Church whom this doth concern is a sensible known company. And this visible Church is but one, continued from the first beginning of the world to the last end.

The unity of which visible body and Church of Christ consisteth in that uniformity which all several persons thereunto belonging have, by reason of that *one Lord*, whose servants they all profess themselves; that *one faith* which they all acknowledge; that *one baptism* wherewith they are all initiated. The visible Church of Jesus Christ is therefore one, in outward profession of those things which supernaturally appertain¹ to the very essence of Christianity, and are necessarily required in every particular Christian man.

They which belong to the mystical body of our Saviour Christ, and be in number as the stars of heaven, divided successively, by reason of their mortal condition, into many generations, are, notwithstanding, coupled every one to Christ their Head, and all unto every particular person amongst themselves, inasmuch as the same Spirit which anointed the blessed soul of our Saviour Christ doth so formalize,² unite, and actuate His whole race, as if both He and they were so many limbs compacted into one body, by being quickened all with one and the same soul.

¹ belong.

² make into form.

Christ is whole with the whole Church, and whole with every part of the Church.

MR. HOOKER.

There is, and ought to be, a visible company of men professing the service and discipline, that is, the religion, of the gospel, who agree together in the belief of all the truths of God revealed by Jesus Christ, and in confession of the articles of this [Apostles'] Creed ; and agree together in praying and praising God through Jesus Christ ; to read, and hear the Scriptures read and expounded ; to provoke each other to love and to good works ; to advance the honour of Christ, and to propagate His faith and worship. . . . And this *Church* is *catholic* . . . gathered out of all nations, and is not of a differing faith in differing places ; but always did, doth, and ever shall, profess the faith which the apostles preached, and which is contained in this creed ; which, whosoever believes is a *Catholic* and a *Christian*, and he that believes not is neither.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

I believe, O blessed and adorable Mediator, that the Church is a society of persons, founded by Thy love to sinners, united into one body, of which Thou art the Head ; initiated¹ by baptism, nourished by the eucharist, governed by pastors commissioned by Thee, and endowed with the

¹ or admitted.

power of the keys ;¹ professing the doctrine taught by Thee and delivered to the saints, and devoted to praise and to love Thee. I believe, O holy Jesus, that Thy Church is holy, like Thee its Author ; holy, by the original design of its institution ; holy, by baptismal dedication ; holy in all its administrations, which tend to produce holiness : and though there will be always a mixture of good and bad in it in this world, yet it has always many real saints in it ; and therefore all love, all glory be to Thee. I believe, Lord, this Church to be catholic, or universal, made up of the collection of all particular churches ; I believe it to be catholic in respect of time, comprehending all ages to the world's end, to which it is to endure ; catholic in respect of all places, out of which believers are to be gathered ; catholic in respect of all saving faith, of which the Creed contains the substance, which shall in it always be taught ; catholic in respect of all graces which shall in it be practised ; and catholic in respect of that catholic war it is to wage against all its ghostly enemies, for which it is called militant.² O preserve me always a true member of Thy Catholic Church, that I may always inseparably adhere to Thee, that I may always devoutly praise and love Thee.

BISHOP KEN.

There is more in the Christian than thou seest ; for he is both an entire body of himself, and he is a limb of

¹ "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven ; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 18 ; John xx. 22, 23).

² fighting.

another more excellent, even that glorious mystical body of his Saviour.

BISHOP HALL.

The Sun of the Church is our Saviour Christ—her light and her life.

. The true and steady light of God's sure word, which is an infallible lamp to our paths in the dark night of this life. . . . The Church is the candlestick upon which this light is placed; the pillar it is, and ground of the truth. And therefore the spirit which would set up another, and rest on a divided ground, is certainly a deceived and a deceiving spirit.

BISHOP JOLLY.

. . . . The government and discipline of the Church, though it will not save a man, yet is absolutely necessary to preserve those doctrines that will. A hedge round a vineyard is, in itself, a poor paltry thing; but break it down, and all they that go by will pluck off her grapes. . . And no sin has been punished with heavier punishments, for that reason, than throwing down fences, and making it indifferent whether a Christian be of any Church, or none, so he be but a Christian. . . . But if Christ left a Church upon earth, and ordered submission to the appointed governors of it, so far as a man resists, or undervalues this ordinance of Christ, so far he acts not like a Christian, let his inward light be what it will.

BISHOP HORNE.

Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, all Christians are but one holy Church, the body, whereof Christ is the only Head. All that are baptized, and outwardly profess Christianity, are to be accounted by us members of the Church, and holy, by a visible separation from the world, and solemn dedication to God, until they cut themselves off by schism, or are justly cast out by excommunication.

This holy Church is catholic, or universal, extending to all places, propagated¹ through all ages, and teaching all saving truths. And all the sanctified members of it have fellowship with the Father and the Son, by one Holy Spirit, which is as the soul of this body; and with holy angels, in their care and ministries; with the glorified saints of heaven, in their love and prayers; with one another on earth, in the same faith, hope, and love, word, prayers, and sacraments; bound to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

REV. CLEMENT ELLIS.

As there is but one way of truth, there can be only one unity of spirit; a blessed unity of mind and heart with the whole Catholic Church, not merely with existing communities of Christians, but with that countless multitude which has passed on before: of those who have in all ages been translated from the Church below, to the Church above; from the assembly of saints on earth, to the assembly of the first-born in the realms of light and love.

BISHOP JEBB.

¹ spread, or made known.

The Sacraments.

Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.—*Church Catechism.*

IF we were wholly incorporeal,¹ God would have given us graces unclothed with signs and sacraments; but because our spirits are in earthen vessels, God conveys His graces to us by sensible ministrations.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

They [the sacraments] are heavenly ceremonies, which God hath sanctified and ordained to be administered in His Church; first, as marks whereby to know when God doth impart the vital or saving grace of Christ unto all that are capable thereof; and, secondly, as means conditional, which God requireth in them unto whom He imparteth grace.

It pleaseth Almighty God to communicate, by sensible means, those blessings which are incomprehensible.

For we take not baptism nor the eucharist for bare resemblances or memorials of things absent, neither for naked signs and testimonies assuring us of grace received before; but (as they are indeed and in verity,) for means effectual, whereby God, when we take the sacraments, delivereth into our hands that grace available unto eternal life, which grace the sacraments represent or signify. We receive Christ Jesus in baptism once, as the first beginner; in the eucharist often, as being, by continual degrees, the finisher of our life.

¹ without bodies, spiritual.

Baptism implieth a covenant or league between God and man, wherein as God doth bestow presently remission of sins, and the Holy Ghost binding also Himself to add (in process of time) what grace soever shall be further necessary for the attainment of everlasting life; so every baptized soul, receiving the same grace at the hands of God, tieth likewise itself for ever to the observation of His law.

Through His indulgence, who, respecting the singular benefit thereof, accepteth children brought unto Him for that end, entereth into articles of covenant with them, and, in tender commiseration, granteth that other men's professions and promises in baptism made for them shall avail no less than if they had been themselves able to have made their own.

MR. HOOKER.

We cannot now, because we are become very ignorant, weak, and sinful, by the sin of our first parents, keep the "first covenant of works," or innocence, which God made with Adam.

Therefore it pleased God, in Christ Jesus, to cancel the first covenant of innocence, and through His mediation to establish with us a new covenant of grace, which it pleased Christ to have sealed, when we solemnly profess our consenting to it, by the sacrament of baptism, that is, by washing with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The covenant thus solemnly sealed by baptism is this—that although we are sinners, and so have lost all right and title to God's bless-

ing, yet God the Father gives Himself to be our reconciled and loving Father; and God the Son gives Himself to be our Saviour; and God the Holy Ghost gives Himself to be our Sanctifier. So that all our sins should be pardoned, and strength of grace given us to do God's will, and finally eternal life and happiness bestowed upon us;—and all upon this condition,—that we repent of all our sins, and watch against and resist all temptations to sin, whether they come from the devil, the world, or our own flesh; and that we firmly believe the gospel of Christ; and, taking the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost for the one only true God, worship and serve Him only, sincerely, and heartily, and endeavour to obey all His laws as long as we live.

REV. CLEMENT ELLIS.

Prayer.

.... God's special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.—*Church Catechism*.

PRAYER is a work of the same dignity and honour wherein the angels and saints of heaven themselves are employed. It is an advocate for the guilty, a redemption for the captive, a rest for the weary, and a comfort for the sorrowful. It is our watch-tower whilst we sleep, our safeguard whilst we are awake.

ST. GREGORY NYSSEN.

As the light of the sun is to the eye of the body, so is prayer to the soul.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchsafing him so high an honour, as familiarly to speak unto him by prayer.

With what face can we behold the sun, unless we worship Him first that hath made so glorious a light for us?

Tell me, with what confidence canst thou lie down to sleep, and pass away the black darkness of the night? With what fearful and ugly dreams shall thy soul (thinkest thou) be troubled, unless thou shalt first arm thyself against such delusions and fears by strong and devout prayers? Let the wicked spirits find thee without such a guard, and presently thou becomest a prey unto them; let them but spy thee at thy prayers, and presently, like frightened thieves, they run away.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

Before we do anything else, be we careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the service of God.

What greater bliss and happiness can there be, than thus on earth to imitate the angels that are in heaven, every morning to honour and worship Him that made us all?

When thou lookest upon the heavens, and beholdest the beauty of the stars, adore Him that in His wisdom made them all for thee. When the day is ended, and the night approacheth on, fall down and worship Him who made both the day and the night, to give thee joy and rest.

ST. BASIL.

Who blusheth not to hear the birds every morning how sweetly and solemnly they sing out their praises unto God, and is so dull himself as not to do the like?

The Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed, which do seal up our hearts unto the service and love of God, are daily to be repeated every morning.

From the responses in the Psalms, the chanting of men, women, and children, there proceeds an harmonious sound like that of the waves.

ST. AMBROSE.

Between the throne of God in heaven, and His Church upon earth here militant, if it be so that angels have their continual intercourse, where should we find the same more verified than in these two ghostly exercises, the one doctrine, the other prayer?

Prayers are those "calves of men's lips," those most gracious and sweet odours, those rich presents and gifts, which, being carried up into heaven, do best testify our dutiful affection, and are, for the purchasing of all favour at the hands of God, the most undoubted means we can use. On others, what more easily, and yet more fruitfully bestowed than our prayers? If we give counsel, they are the simpler only that need it; if alms, the poorer only are relieved; but by prayer we do good to all. And whereas every other duty besides is but to shew itself as time and opportunity require, for this all times are convenient: when we are not able to do any other thing for men's behoof,—when, through maliciousness or unkindness, they vouchsafe not to accept any other good at our hands, prayer is

that which we always have in our power to bestow, and they never in theirs to refuse.

It is the first thing wherewith a righteous life beginneth, and the last wherewith it doth end. The knowledge is small that we have on earth concerning things that are done in heaven. Notwithstanding, thus much we know even of Saints in heaven, that they pray. And, therefore, prayer being a work common to the Church as well triumphant as militant, a work common unto men with angels, what should we think, but that so much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer?

This holy and religious duty of service towards God concerneth us one way, in that we are men, and another way, in that we are joined as parts of that visible mystical body, which is His Church. As men, we are at our own choice, both for time, and place, and form, according to the exigence of our own occasions in private. But the service which we do as members of a public body, is public, and for that cause must needs be accounted by so much worthier than the other, as a whole society of such condition exceedeth the worth of any one. In which consideration, unto Christian assemblies there are most special promises made.

If it be as the gravest of the ancient Fathers seriously were persuaded, and do oftentimes plainly teach, affirming that the house of prayer is a court beautified with the presence of celestial powers; that there we stand, we pray, we sound forth hymns unto God, having His angels intermingled as our associates; and that, with reference here-

unto, the apostle doth require so great care to be had of decency for the angels' sake,¹ how can we come to the house of prayer, and not be moved with the very glory of the place itself, so to frame our affections praying, as doth best beseech them, whose suits the Almighty doth there sit to hear, and His angels attend to further?

MR. HOOKER.

Christ our Saviour teaches us to pray with humility, with importunity, with fervency. . . . If our prayers soar upward, God's mercies come down. "Jacob saw angels ascending and descending, but none standing still," saith St. Bernard. Our prayers, like ascending angels, go up to God; God's mercies, like descending angels, come down to us.

Our Saviour, in His agony in the garden, prayed three times the same thing, not of forgetfulness, but of very fervency. Whereby we may observe that to pray, and pray again, is a part of high devotion. The dove went forth of the ark the first time, and returned sorrowful as she went out—still the waters were up; she goeth forth the second time, then the flood is abated, and she brings a branch of olive—a sign of quiet and peace. First, a sorrowful prayer goeth forth—still the waters of adversity are up; the prayer goeth forth again—behold the waters are fallen, prayer brings a crop of olive, joy and tranquillity of mind.

DR. C. SUTTON.

Prayer is a duty commanded by God and His holy

¹ 1 Cor. xi. 10.

Son. It is an act of grace and highest honour that we, dust and ashes, are admitted to speak to the Eternal God,—to run to Him as to a Father,—to lay open our wants,—to complain of our burthens,—to explicate our scruples,—to beg remedy and ease, support and counsel, health and safety, deliverance and salvation. And God hath invited us to it, by many gracious promises of hearing us. He hath appointed His most glorious Son to be the president of prayer, and to make continual intercession for us to the throne of grace. He hath appointed an angel to present the prayers of His servants; and Christ unites them to His own, and sanctifies them, and makes them effectual and prevalent.

The prayers of men have saved cities and kingdoms from ruin; prayer hath raised dead men to life, hath stopped the violence of fire, shut the mouths of wild beasts, hath altered the course of nature, caused rain in Egypt, and drought in the sea; it made the sun to go from west to east, and the moon to stand still, and rocks and mountains to walk; and it cures diseases without physic, and makes physic to do the work of nature, and nature to do the work of grace, and grace to do the work of God, and it does miracles of accident and event: and yet prayer, that does all this, is of itself nothing but an ascent of the mind to God,—a desiring things fit to be desired,—and an expression of this desire to God as we can, and as becomes us.

BP. JEREMY TAYLOR.

For the good and welfare of our souls, there is not in

Christian religion any thing of like continual use and force throughout every hour of our lives, as is the ghostly exercise of prayer and devotion.

BP. COSIN.

Frequent prayer, as it is an exercise of holy thoughts, is a most natural remedy against the power of sin.

BP. WILSON.

Observance of Festivals and Fasts.

ALL things whatsoever having their time, the works of God have always that time which is seasonablest and fittest for them. His works are some ordinary, some more rare ; all worthy of observation, but not all of like necessity to be often remembered ; they all have their times, but they all do not add the same estimation and glory to the times wherein they are.

The sanctification of days and times is a token of that thankfulness, and a part of that public honour, which we owe to God for admirable benefits, whereof it doth not suffice that we keep a secret calendar, taking thereby our private occasions, as we list ourselves, to think how much God hath done for all men ; but the days which are chosen out to serve as public memorials of such His mercies ought to be clothed with those outward robes of holiness, whereby their difference from other days may be made sensible.

Generally, therefore, touching feasts in the Church of Christ, they have that profitable use whereof St. Augustine

speaketh: "By festival-solemnities and set days we dedicate and sanctify to God the memory of His benefits, lest unthankful forgetfulness thereof should creep upon us in course of time." And concerning particulars, their Sabbath the Church hath changed into our Lord's day; that as the one did continually bring to mind the former world finished by creation, so the other might keep us in perpetual remembrance of a far better world, begun by Him who came to restore all things, to make both heaven and earth new.

The rest of the days and times which we celebrate have relation all to one Head. We begin, therefore, our ecclesiastical year with the glorious annunciation of His birth by angelical embassy. There being hereunto added His blessed nativity itself; the mystery of His legal circumcision, the testification¹ of His true incarnation by the purification of her who brought Him into the world; His resurrection, His ascension into heaven, the admirable sending down of His Spirit upon His chosen, and, which consequently ensued, the notice of that incomprehensible Trinity thereby given to the Church of God. Again, forasmuch as we know that Christ hath not only been manifested great in Himself, but great in other His saints also, the days of whose departure out of the world are to the Church of Christ as the birth and coronation days of kings or emperors; therefore, especial choice being made of the very flower of all occasions in this kind, there are annual selected times to meditate of Christ glorified in them who had the honour to suffer for His sake,

¹ witnessing, or proving.

before they had age and ability to know Him ; glorified in them who knowing Him, as Stephen, had the sight of that before death, whereunto so acceptable death did lead ; glorified in those sages of the East, that came from far to adore Him, and were conducted by strange light ; glorified in the second Elias of the world, sent before Him to prepare His way ; glorified in those Apostles, whom it pleased Him to use as founders of His kingdom here ; glorified in the angels, as in Michael ; glorified in all those happy souls that are already possessed of heaven.

Well to celebrate these religious and sacred days, is to spend the flower of our time happily. They are the splendour and outward dignity of our religion, forcible witnesses of ancient truth, provocations to the exercise of all piety, shadows of our endless felicity in heaven, on earth, everlasting records and memorials.

Considering that they who grieve and joy as they ought, cannot possibly otherwise live than as they should ; the Church of Christ, the most absolute and perfect school of all virtue, hath, by the special direction of God's good Spirit, hitherto always inured men from their infancy, partly with days of festival-exercise for the framing of the one affection, and partly with times of a contrary sort for the perfecting of the other ; . . . and, finally, that every man may be every man's daily guide and example, as well by fasting to declare humility, as by praise to express joy in the sight of God.

MR. HOOKER.

The wisdom of the Church of God is very remarkable

in appointing Festivals or Holydays, whose solemnity and offices have no other special business but to record the article of the day ; such as Trinity-Sunday, Ascension, Easter, Christmas-day ; and to those persons who can only believe, not prove or dispute, there is no better instrument to cause the remembrance and plain notion, and to endear the affection and hearty assent to the article, than the proclaiming and recommending it by the festivity and joy of a Holyday.

The memories of the saints are precious to God, and therefore they ought also to be so to us ; and such persons who served God by holy living, industrious preaching, and religious dying, ought to have their names preserved in honour, and God be glorified in them, and their holy doctrines and lives published and imitated : and we by so doing give testimony to the article of “ the communion of saints.”

BP. JEREMY TAYLOR.

The whole glory of the Saints' days, with the religious worship performed upon them, belongs to the King of Saints, the King of Glory, whose holiness shone in them, and was reflected from them.

Among them all, the first place is undoubtedly due to the blessed Virgin-mother of our Lord, the most highly favoured and eminently exalted of all creatures, yet most lowly in her own eyes ; whom, in consideration of Him who was born of her for a blessing to the whole world, all generations, as she herself foretold, most justly call blessed.

Next to the blessed Virgin-mother of our Lord, the holy Apostles and Evangelists, who were His immediate followers, and under His standard led the van in the Christian warfare, shine as bright stars of the first magnitude, rising in their courses in the Church's year.

The services of Sunday, like the splendour of the sun, and those of the inferior holydays, as the light of the moon, continually afford us light and comfort, to go by day and night, directing our progress in every state, whether of prosperity or adversity, of joy or sorrow.

BP. JOLLY.

Faith.

Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.—*Athanasian Creed.*

From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, from hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word and commandments, good Lord deliver us.—*Litany.*

THE promise of eternal life is the seed of the Church of God. And because there is no attainment of life but through the only-begotten Son of God, nor by Him otherwise than being such as the Creed Apostolic describeth; it followeth that the articles thereof are principles necessary for all men to subscribe unto, whom, by baptism, the Church receiveth into Christ's school.

The mysteries of our religion are above the reach of our understanding, above discourse of man's reason, above all that any creature can comprehend. . . . Belief con-

sisteth not so much in knowledge, as in acknowledgment of all things that heavenly wisdom revealeth.

We find by experience, that although faith be an intellectual habit of the mind, and have her seat in the understanding, yet an evil moral disposition, obstinately wedded to the love of darkness, dampeth the very light of heavenly illumination, and permitteth not the mind to see what doth shine before it. Men are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Their assent to His saving truth is many times withheld from it, not that the truth is too weak to persuade, but because the stream of corrupt affection carrieth them a clean contrary way. That the mind, therefore, may abide in the light of faith, there must abide in the will as constant a resolution to have no fellowship at all with the vanities and works of darkness.

MR. HOOKER.

Faith is to believe every thing which God hath revealed to us; and when once we are convinced that God hath spoken it, to make no farther inquiry, but humbly to submit, ever remembering that there are some things which our understanding cannot fathom, nor search out their depth.

A sign of true faith is to be a stranger upon earth in our affections, and to have all our thoughts and principal desires fixed upon the matters of faith, the things of heaven. God hath made us heirs of His kingdom, and co-heirs with Jesus: if we believed this, we would think and affect and study accordingly.

Faith, if it be true, living, and justifying, cannot be

separated from a good life. . . . "It overcomes the world, it works righteousness," and makes us diligently to do and cheerfully to suffer whatsoever God hath placed in our way to heaven.

An humble, willing, and docile mind, or desire to be instructed in the way of God, leads to faith; for persuasion enters like a sun-beam, gently, and without violence; and open but the window, and draw the curtain, and the Sun of righteousness will enlighten your darkness.

True faith is full of ingenuity and hearty simplicity.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

Some think variety of religions as pleasing to God as variety of flowers. Now there can be but one religion which is true, and the God of truth cannot be pleased with falsehood for the sake of variety.

In the affairs of this world, as husbandry, trade, &c., men *know* little and *believe* much. In the affairs of another world they would know every thing and believe nothing.

If we are rationally led upon clear principles and good evidence to believe a point, it is no objection that the point is mysterious and difficult to be accounted for. A man in his senses will not deny the phenomenon¹ of the harvest-moon because he cannot solve² it.

No cloud can overshadow the true Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

BISHOP HORNE.

¹ wonderful appearance.

² explain, or account for.

Amidst the vanities and vexations of this dying life, the Christian faith, for which God has given to our reason the most convincing evidence, supports us with the hope of life everlasting.

For this wondrous felicity we are now in a state of training, and stand upon our trial. The eye must be clear, and the heart clean, before we can see or enjoy God. Faith, which is the evidence of things not seen, is now our light, and an infallibly sure and steady lamp it is to walk by.

BISHOP JOLLY.

Obedience, or Good Works.

OUR Saviour Christ, as He was God, He is the object of our faith; as Man, an object of life.

The skilful pilot, as he often casts his eye unto the stars and planets above, so is his hand also busy at the helm beneath. The Christian man between contemplation and action, faith and good works, doth the like: by faith he looks up to Christ's Deity; by good works he practiseth the virtues of His humanity; in the one he worships Him as God, in the other he beholds Him as the most absolute pattern for imitation that ever walked amongst men as He was man.

DR. C. SUTTON.

No man could work a day's labour without faith; but because he believes he shall have his wages at the day's or week's end, he does his duty.

The angels are ministering spirits, and perpetually execute the will and commandment of God; . . . and the eternal Son of God esteemed it His "meat and drink to do the will of His Father;" and for His obedience alone obtained the greatest glory; and no man ever came to perfection but by obedience.

Every man should consider that since God hath given him an excellent nature, wisdom, and choice, an understanding soul, and an immortal spirit, having made him lord over the beasts, and but a little lower than the angels; He hath also appointed for him a work and a service great enough to employ those abilities; and hath also designed him to a state of life after this, to which he can only arrive by that service and obedience.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

The bare believing of all above written will not do us any good, unless we become really such persons as Christ came Himself, and gives His holy Spirit, to make us; that is, holy in heart and life, and doing the will of God from the heart sincerely. By our faith we must have our hearts purified, be made new creatures, and putting off the old man with his corrupt affections and lusts, put on the new man, which, after God, is formed in righteousness and true holiness.

REV. CLEMENT ELLIS.

In her great wisdom and solicitude to promote salvation, she [the Church] ever mingles practice with doctrine, never separating faith from works.

Faith and works, principle and practice, are most closely and vitally united together, as soul and body; the separation of the one from the other is death.

Obedience implies in its composition strict hearing and close attention, listening to receive the command of the Divine Master, and instantly to execute it, as the angels are represented flying with wings to do the will of God in heaven, a pattern to His servants on earth.

Our state on earth is a warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, which we renounced in baptism, when we ceased to do evil, dying to sin, and promised to do well by faith and obedience. By that holy sacrament we were engaged and enlisted to be Christ's servants as well as soldiers; trained by His grace, and devoutly fitted inwardly by spiritual affections of the mind, prompting us to unwearyed activity in good works, that so we may, with joy and alacrity, delight to do His will on earth, as the angels do in heaven, with whom, in immortal joys, we hope to be associated.

BISHOP JOLLY.

Humility.

THE first virtue to be learned in the life of Christ is humility.

Why, suppose we, did Christ our Saviour so much practise humility? He well knew, that as the beginning of all sin was by pride, so the beginning of all virtue was humility. How great (trow you) was the pride of man's heart, when God Himself must be humbled to teach him

humility. Behold Him from His cradle at Bethlehem, to His cross at Jerusalem, as a mirror of humility. Then learn humility, dear people, "by which virtue," saith St. Bernard, "the Church is founded."

The more direct the sun is over us, the lesser is the shadow; the more God's grace is over us and in us, the lesser is our shadow of pride and self-love.

Wherefore, if we will follow our heavenly Leader, then must we humble ourselves. More safe it is to be upon the pavement, where we may walk surely, than to be climbing unto the pinnacles of the temple, where and whence we may take a fall.

DR. C. SUTTON.

Humility is the great ornament and jewel of the Christian religion, that whereby it is distinguished from all the wisdom of the world; it not having been taught by the wise men of the Gentiles, but first put into a discipline, and made part of a religion by our Lord Jesus Christ, who propounded¹ Himself imitable by His disciples so signally in nothing as in the twin-sisters of meekness and humility. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

For all the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues, are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valleys of humility.

¹ declared.

Be not rash in thy proceedings, nor confident and pertinacious¹ in thy conceits;² but consult with him that is wise, and seek to be instructed by a better than thyself.

Be not proud of well-doing; for the judgment of God is far differing from the judgment of men.

It is good that we *sometimes* be contradicted and ill thought of, and that we *always* bear it well, even when we deserve to be well spoken of.

Esteem not thyself to have profited in religion unless thou thinkest well of others, and meanly of thyself; therefore never accuse any but thyself: and he that diligently watches himself will be willing enough to be silent concerning others.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

Humility, purity, and prompt obedience, are the guards of faith and holiness.

Humility is the grace that casteth down imaginations [reasonings], and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.

The humble only are the Lord's loyal subjects: His heavenly kingdom is made up of the poor in spirit. For this kingdom humbles the haughtiness of man; the proud and lofty are the enemies of it, with whom its King will make no peace while they continue such.

BISHOP JOLLY.

¹ obstinate.

² opinions, or fancies.

Self-Denial.

CHRIST shews us plainly what we must look for, if we will be His disciples, when He giveth out in open proclamation, "Whosoever will follow Me, let him deny himself." He sheweth Himself as a careful governor in the ship, who in a calm is wont to instruct the mariners against the tempest likely to follow; and this He doth as it were in a familiar manner, by shewing what Himself had done, and then what His disciples should do; first what He would suffer, and then what they should suffer.

First of all, we deny ourselves when we yield obedience in all things unto God, which obedience is better than sacrifice; "for in obedience," saith St. Gregory, "our own will is sacrificed."

Secondly, we deny ourselves when we resist the provocations of sin offered.

Thirdly, we deny ourselves when we put up with wrongs and injuries of the world, saying with Stephen, "Lord forgive them, and lay not this sin to their charge."

Fourthly, we deny ourselves when we cross our own wills and relinquish our natural desires.

Last of all, we deny ourselves when we cease to sacrifice unto the net, or attribute any thing to our own actions, much less to our own merits.

And this is the sum of denying ourselves, being the first degree in following Christ: whosoever will be His follower, let him deny himself. "Let him deny himself" by declining from evil, and "take up his cross" by suffering evil, and "follow Me" by conforming himself unto Me and

My laws prescribed him. "Let him deny himself" by renouncing his own will, "take up his cross" by bearing patiently lesser or greater persecutions, "and follow Me" by walking in My ways.

The cross is said to be *daily*, because we can never live without crosses, and therefore must daily prepare to suffer, or at leastwise have a mind ready to suffer. There is none lives or can live but he shall find, either from himself or others, a cross to take up.

DR. C. SUTTON.

The cross that is laid upon us must be borne: if we are impatient, we lose the fruit of it; but if we accept it willingly, and bear it with patience and meek resignation, it is regarded as equivalent¹ to a punishment of our own infliction.

BISHOP HORNE.

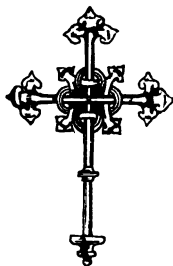
All ways are indifferent to one who has heaven in his eye; as a traveller does not choose the pleasantest, but the shortest and safest way to his journey's end; and that is the way of the cross, which Jesus Christ made choice of, and sanctified it to all its followers.

It is necessary that we deny ourselves in little and indifferent things, when reason and conscience, which is the voice of God, suggests it to us, as ever we hope to get the rule over our own will. Say not, it is a trifle, and not fit to make a sacrifice of to God. He that will not sacrifice a little affection, will hardly offer a greater. It is not the

¹ equal.

thing, but the reason and manner of doing it, namely, for God's sake, and that I may accustom myself to obey His voice, that God regards, and rewards with greater degrees of grace. The greater your self-denial, the firmer your faith, and more acceptable to God. Every day deny yourself some satisfaction ; your eyes, objects of mere curiosity ; your tongue, every thing that may feed vanity, or vent enmity ; the palate, dainties ; the ears, flattery and whatever corrupts the heart ; the body, ease and luxury ; bearing all the inconveniences of life (for the love of God) with patience and resignation to the will of God. Do all this as unto God, with the greatest privacy.

BISHOP WILSON.



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

 T. BASIL was bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia (A.D. 370). He was very zealous in preaching against the Arian heresy, and in declaring the true faith; and was eminent for his works of charity to the poor and afflicted, for whom he built a large hospital near Cæsarea. He died in 379.

St. Gregory Nyssen was the younger brother of St. Basil. He was made bishop of Nyssen, a town on the borders of Cappadocia, about the same time as his brother became bishop of Cæsarea. He was a firm champion of the Nicene faith, for which he was deposed and banished by the Emperor Valerius. He lived to a great age, but the exact date of his death is not known.

St. Ambrose was governor of Milan, but chosen and consecrated bishop of that city A.D. 374. He was earnest in preaching the true faith, and in resisting the doctrines of the Arians, and firm and courageous in the performance of his duty, even refusing to allow the Emperor Theodosius to enter his church, when he had been guilty of an act of great cruelty, till he had proved his true repentance of his

crime. He wrote many learned and pious books, and died in 397.

St. John Chrysostom (the "golden-mouthed"), so called on account of his eloquence in preaching, was bishop of Constantinople (A.D. 397). He was remarkable for his holiness and strictness in doctrine and practice, for which he was deposed, and afterwards exiled into Armenia (in the reign of Arcadius), where he died, at a great age, in 407.

Dr. Christopher Sutton was born in Hampshire in 1565. In 1587 he became vicar of Raneham, in Essex; after which he held, first the living of Caston, in Hampshire, and afterwards those of Bromley in Essex, and Cranworth in Norfolk. He was made prebend of St. Peter's, Westminster, by King James I., in 1605. His chief works were "Godly Meditations on the Lord's Supper," and "*Disce Vivere*, Learn to Live," and "*Disce Mori*, Learn to Die."

Dr. Joseph Hall was born in Leicestershire, in 1574. He held the living of Halsted, in Suffolk, for about six years, and then removed to Waltham, where he remained till he was appointed bishop of Exeter, in 1627. In 1641 he was made bishop of Norwich, but imprisoned and deprived of his bishopric by the Long Parliament. He died in 1656, in the eighty-second year of his age; leaving many devotional and practical works, "*Contemplations*," "*Meditations and Vows*," &c. &c.

Dr. John Cosin was born at Norwich, in 1595. He was fellow and tutor of Caius College, Cambridge, — appointed Master of Peterhouse in 1634, and Dean of Peterborough in 1640. He was ejected from his deanery at the Rebellion, and withdrew to France, where he acted as chaplain to the Protestant members of Queen Henrietta's household. At the Restoration he was made bishop of Durham, about 1661. He died January 15, 1671. His chief works were "An History of Popish Transubstantiation," and "Hours of Prayer."

Dr. Jeremy Taylor was born in 1605. He was chaplain to King Charles I., and taken prisoner when attending the royal army in the execution of his office. At his release, being deprived of his living of Uppingham, he supported himself by joining two other clergymen in keeping a school in Caermarthenshire, and acted also as chaplain to the Earl of Carberry, who lived at Golden Grove, in the same parish. Dr. J. Taylor was one of the greatest writers of the English Church. Several of his works are dedicated to the Earl of Carberry, from whom he received great kindness. At the Restoration he was made bishop of Down and Connor, and died in 1677.

Dr. Thomas Ken was born in 1637. He was chaplain to Bishop Morley, of Winchester, rector of Brighthstone in the Isle of Wight, and afterwards prebendary of Winchester. He was appointed bishop of Bath and Wells, but deprived of his bishopric by the act of uniformity after the accession of William III., and died in 1710 or

1711 ; leaving many devotional works, in prose and verse ; amongst others, " Morning and Evening Hymns."

Dr. Thomas Wilson was born in Cheshire, in 1663. He had a living in Lancashire, and was chaplain to the Earl of Derby. In 1697, he was consecrated bishop of Sodor and Man. He died in 1755, aged ninety-three years ; leaving many devotional and other pious works, such as " Instructions for the Lord's Supper," "*Sacra Privata*," &c. &c.

The Rev. Clement Ellis was rector of Kirkby, Notts, and prebendary of Southwell. The third edition of his works is dated 1703.

Dr. George Horne was born near Maidstone in Kent, in 1730. He was president of Magdalen College, Oxford, dean of Canterbury, and afterwards bishop of Norwich. He wrote a " Commentary on the Psalms," " Essays and Thoughts on various subjects," &c. &c. ; and died January 17, 1792, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Dr. John Jebb, curate of Swanlinbar, and afterwards rector of Abington, was appointed bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, in 1823. He died December 9, 1833, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, after a long illness ; leaving many valuable writings, " Practical Theology," " Practical Sermons," " Pastoral Instructions," &c.

Dr. Alexander Jolly was born at Stonehaven in Kincardine, in 1755. He was inducted to the living of

Turrieff in 1777, but removed to that of Fraserburgh in 1788. In 1796 he was consecrated bishop, and in 1798 appointed to the bishopric of Moray. He wrote "An Address to the Scottish Episcopalians on Baptismal Regeneration," "The Christian Sacrifice in the Eucharist," and "Observations on the Sunday Services." He died June 29, 1838.

Mr. Richard Hooker (called the "judicious"), author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," was born near Exeter, in 1553. He was for some years fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1584, he was appointed to the living of Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, and made master of the Temple, in London; after which he held the living of Boscum, or Boscombe, in Wiltshire, till 1595, when he removed to that of Bishopsbourne in Kent, where he died, November 2, 1600.



RICHARD HOOKER.

ST. BASIL.

BEAUTIFUL flowers round Wisdom's secret well,
Deep holy thoughts of penitential lore,
But dress'd with images from Nature's store,
Handmaid of Piety ! like thine own cell,
By Pontic mountain-wilds and shaggy fell,
Great Basil ! there, within thy lonely door,
Watching, and Fast, and Prayer, and Penance dwell,
And sternly-nursed affections heavenward soar.
Without are setting suns and summer skies,
Ravine, rock, wood, and fountain melodies ;
And earth and heav'n, holding communion sweet,
Teem with wild beauty. Such thy calm retreat,
Blest Saint ! and of thyself an emblem meet,
All fair without, within all stern and wise.

ST. GREGORY NYSSEN.

BROTHER of Basil ! Nazianzen's friend,
In love that hath no end,
Braced by reproof and knit by charity,
In holy wisdom free !
Nyssa doth, from her breast by exile torn,
Her Nicene champion mourn ;
But Judah's haunts his reverend zeal hath trod,
And traced the steps of God.
Yet not on Calvary's angel-haunted ground
His spirit rest hath found,
But that, where'er God is, from earthly woes
The pilgrim finds repose.

He gathers up truth's fragments that remain
In Basil's golden strain ;
And goes to seek him in his unseen rest,
Asleep on Jesus' breast.

ST. AMBROSE.

To thee, an eye to trace out the third heav'n
In holy writ, and see the mercy-throne,—
A brother's love,—a poet's lyre was giv'n ;
But yet o'er all thy gifts the pastor shone,
To God's high altar bound, no more thine own.

I see thee stand before the injured shrine,
While Theodosius, to thy stern decree
Falls down, and owns the keys and power divine ;
For kings, that fain her nursing sires would be,
To the Eternal Bride must bow the knee.¹

I see thee throned upon the teacher's seat,—
And 'mid the crowd a silent wand'rer steal ;²
In his sad breast, while sitting at thy feet,
The Father doth th' Eternal Son reveal,
And Austin from thy hands receives the Spirit's seal.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

PREACHER and Saint, whose name is Eloquence,
Well call'd they "golden" thine impassion'd tongue,
On which Truth sat, and glowing manly sense,
And words that stand the fire ; in wisdom strong—

¹ Isaiah xlix. 23.² St. Augustine, or Austin.

And strong in charity. Th' imperial town
Throng'd round thee, and drunk in thy stern reproof,
Touch'd by thy saintly spirit ; vice hung down
Her flower-wreath'd head ; court-favour stood aloof.

Nor less thy zeal, in Nazianzen's chair,
That the king's daughter, with her priestly choir,
Might shine within. While thus thy deeds declare
Christ's presence, wonder not if fiends conspire

Against thee, forc'd near the rude Caspian main
To drink thy Master's cup in exile, want, and pain.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Hail ! heavenly Truth, guiding the pen
Of wise and holy men ;
To thee, though thou be voiceless, doth belong
A spirit's tongue,
Which, in the heart's deep home, uttereth a song.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.



DIALOGUE
ON
The Anthems for Easter-Day.

Godmother—Ellen.

Ellen. Godmamma, are you busy with your book, or may I talk to you?

Godmother. I will put away my book, Ellen, and listen to you, if you have any thing that you want to say to me.

E. Thank you, Godmamma. I want to ask you to explain to me the anthems which were read in church to-day instead of the psalm, "O come let us sing," &c.

G. Get your Prayer-book, then, my dear, and we will talk about them. Now read the first anthem, which is taken from St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 5, verse 7.

E. [*reads*] "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast; not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." I think you told me once when I was reading an account of the passover, that the lamb which was sacrificed at that feast was a type, or sign, of Jesus Christ;—will you tell me how?

G. You know that the passover was kept by the Jews (and by God's order) in remembrance of the destroy-

ing angel's passing over the houses of the Israelites, when he was sent to destroy all the first-born children of the Egyptians. The deliverance of the children of Israel from death and from the slavery of Egypt, was a type of the deliverance of mankind from eternal death, and from the slavery of sin. The Israelites were commanded to take a lamb without spot or blemish, to kill it without breaking any of its bones, and to sprinkle the blood upon the door-posts of the houses, that the destroying angel might pass over such as were thus marked. Jesus Christ was without blemish and without spot (1 Pet. i. 19); and in St. John's gospel (chap. 19) we read, that the soldiers who came to remove the bodies of our Lord and those who were crucified with Him, though they brake the legs of the malefactors, yet "they brake not His legs;" "that the Scripture should be fulfilled, a bone of Him shall not be broken." The blood of Christ must be sprinkled upon us to make clean our sinful natures, and to mark us for God's own. Jesus Christ, too, suffered death for us upon the same day of the same month when the paschal lamb was ordered to be slain.

E. Jesus Christ is likened to a lamb in Isaiah's prophecy, Godmamma.

G. Yes, in the 53d chap. verse 7: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter," &c. The lamb was a sacrifice for sinners: its blood was shed that the Jews might be saved. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us,"—slain, that we might escape.

E. What is meant by, "Let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven," &c.?

G. The Jews were commanded to eat unleavened bread during the feast of the passover, and to put all leaven out of their houses. Do you know what leaven is, Ellen?

E. Yes; I believe it is what is put into bread to make it light. I have seen Cook mix the yeast, or barm as she calls it, with the dough; and she told me it would ferment and make the bread light.

G. Yes; the Jews were told to eat unleavened bread, in remembrance of the hasty way in which they went out of Egypt.

E. I suppose they had not time to put leaven to their bread then.

G. As the Israelites put all leaven out of their houses, so should Christians put all evil thoughts and wicked tempers out of their hearts, and keep this solemn festival with sincere and true devotion, resolving to cast off the sins for which Christ came to die, and thinking how to live more holy lives for the time to come.

E. I understand that, Godmamma; but I do not know why wickedness is called leaven, and sincerity and truth bread?

G. Our Saviour tells His disciples (St. Matt. xvi. 6) to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees; and again (St. Mark viii. 15), He bids them beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of Herod; elsewhere He compares Herod to that cunning animal a fox, and calls the Pharisees and Sadducees hypocrites. As bread is proper to support life, so are sincerity and truth necessary to support and keep alive religion in the heart; and "as a little

leaven ferments the whole lump" of dough, so a little vice corrupts the whole heart.

E. That is quite plain. Now, shall I read the second anthem?

G. Yes; it is taken from the epistle to the Romans, 8th chapter, and 9th verse.

E. [*reads*] "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

G. Christ, being risen from the dead, cannot now die any more, having overcome death by His divine power. He died once for the destroying of sin, "the sting of death" (1 Cor. xv. 56); and after He had offered that one sacrifice for the sins of man, He "for ever sat down on the right hand of God" (Heb. x. 12); "for by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (ver. 14).

E. That has the same meaning as being dead to sin, being "sanctified," I suppose?

G. Yes; to sanctify is to make holy. "Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, (unto their own sinful desires and passions) but unto Him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 15). As a dead person can have no more care for the things of this world, so should all Christians be dead to sin, and "alive unto God," by loving and serving Him "through Jesus Christ our Lord," with whom "we are buried by baptism into death, that like as Christ was

raised up from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4).

E. How are we buried with Christ, by baptism, God-mamma?

G. The Catechism will answer that question, Ellen. What is the outward visible sign or form in baptism?

E. Water.

G. And "what is the inward and spiritual grace?"

E. "A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace."

G. I have sometimes thought that the outward and visible sign in baptism may represent burial. In warm countries, where baptism was first appointed, people used to be dipped under water, which is something like being buried under the earth.

E. And the sprinkling of water seems like covering the coffin with earth.

G. Yes. In the prayer at the end of the office for the public baptism of infants, the priest offers most hearty thanks to God, that the child has been regenerated (born again) with His Holy Spirit, adopted to be God's child, and made a member of Christ's holy Church; and prays that "he, being dead to sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in His death," may have nothing to do with sin; and that, "as he is made a partaker of the death of Christ, so he may also be a partaker of Christ's resurrection." All men, by the disobedience of our first parents, became subject to death. The sacrament of baptism, which admits us into the religion of Christ,

“who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light” (2 Tim. i. 10), washes away the corruption of our sinful nature, and we are born again, to new hopes and prospects.

E. That is very pleasant to think of, Godmamma : I mean, it is pleasant to think of the great blessings which are given to little children in their baptism, although they are so high and great that they cannot understand them.

G. No one can understand the greatness of those blessings, Ellen ; nor is it necessary that they should. If every thing was made clear to us, we could not exercise faith in God’s word. We are assured that it pleases the Almighty to give us such and such blessings in and through the holy sacraments, which were “ordained by Christ Himself, as means whereby we receive the same, and pledges to assure us thereof” (see Catechism) ; and we must believe and be thankful, without wondering *how*, or trying to find out more than God has seen fit to make known to us. We must remember, too, Ellen, that the high and holy gifts which we receive in baptism are given to enable us to “work out our own salvation.” We must cherish them, and live according to them. We are not in the same state as if we had not been baptized. We have power given us to do right, and sad indeed is our condition if we refuse to use it. We have had “that thing given to us which by nature we cannot have” (see Baptismal service) : we have been made members of Christ, united or joined to Him, who is our Head, and to all Christians in earth and in heaven, as closely as the limbs of our bodies are joined to each other, and all receive life and direction from the

Head,—children of God “by adoption and grace” (Baptismal service),—and heirs of heaven and happiness everlasting. A new name has been given to us: we have been baptized “in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” We have been “received into the congregation of Christ’s flock, and signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter we shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ’s faithful soldiers and servants unto our life’s end” (Baptismal service). And shall we forget whose mark is upon us, and become again slaves of sin and death? Our bodies have been made the temples of the Holy Ghost. We are not our own, we are bought with a price; and we must glorify God, by loving and serving Him faithfully with our souls and bodies, which are His (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). Do you understand me, Ellen?

E. I think I do, Godmamma. You mean, that baptism joins us to all that is holy; and that to keep wicked thoughts in our minds, and do wicked acts with our bodies, is like profaning God’s house by behaving badly in Church.

G. Yes. “Baptism doth represent unto us our profession, which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and be made like unto Him, that as He died and rose again for us, so should we who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living” (Baptismal service). Now read the last anthem, Ellen.

E. [reads.] "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv. 20). "Glory be to the Father," &c. &c.

G. Christ is risen from the dead, and His resurrection is a sign and pledge of the resurrection of those who sleep the sleep of death; for He that hath promised to raise us up, did raise Himself from the dead (see St. John ii. 19). The disobedience of our first parents brought death into the world—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return" (Genesis). The wisdom of God ordered that the same nature which lost life and immortality should regain them—"as in Adam all die," or become subject to death, "so in Christ shall all be made alive,"—all who have ever lived on earth. The wicked will be raised by His power as their Lord and Judge; and the righteous, who have union with Him as their Head. Jesus Christ died for all; and we believe that good persons who lived and died before He came upon earth were redeemed by His blood, who was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii. 8). "The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening (or life-giving) spirit" (1 Cor. xv. 45). "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven" (ver. 47). "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" (ver. 49). For these great and glorious blessings, which we receive by Christ's resurrection from the dead, we give

praise to the Holy Trinity, and say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was (given) in the beginning," before the world was made, "is now," by the holy saints and angels in heaven, and by good men on earth, "and ever shall be, world without end. Amen;" so be it.

E. Godmamma,—if you are not tired of talking to me, I should like to ask another question,—Why is Jesus Christ called "the *first-fruits* of them that slept?"

G. The Jews were commanded to set apart, to be offered to God, the first-fruits of their crops, in thankfulness for His goodness in fulfilling His gracious promises to them, and that the whole harvest might be made holy by the offering of the first-fruits to the Lord (Levit. xix. 24; Deut. xxvi. 2). The general resurrection is likened to a harvest, in Revelation xiv. 15, &c., and the angels to reapers. As the seed must be buried in the earth, and there die and corrupt, before it can become a plant and spring up into life and beauty, so must the bodies of men die and be sown in corruption, that they may be raised in incorruption; in dishonour, that they may be raised in glory; in weakness, that they may be raised in power (1 Cor. xv. 42, 43).

E. I see, now, that sowing the seed, which is to give the harvest, is very much like death; and the harvest itself, like the resurrection from the dead. I will try to think of this when I see Farmer Gray sowing and reaping.

G. There are many things which we see in nature,

which should put us in mind of heavenly things. Can you think of any besides sowing and reaping?

E. I think the lives of insects are like human lives. First, the caterpillar, or grub, comes out of the egg, that is like birth; then it turns into a chrysalis, hides itself, and seems to be dead, just as the bodies of men die, and are buried in the earth; but when the proper time comes, it is changed again, and comes out into life a beautiful butterfly perhaps, with bright wings, flying from flower to flower, and seeming so happy, that it makes me happy to see it, for it makes me think of the happiness of rising from the dead. I believe, Godmamma, the verses which you gave me leave once to learn out of your favourite "Christian Year," made me first think of this:

"The grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigur'd Lord, with lightning-form
And snowy vest,—such grace He won for thee,
When from the grave He sprung at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints new-born
Might fearless follow to their blest abode."

E. Godmamma, I often wonder whether we shall have wings when we are risen from the dead. What do you think?

G. I think, my dear, that it is better not to puzzle your mind with vain imaginations and fancies about such matters. We only know from the Bible, that "we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead

shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" (1 Cor. xv.). St. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He [God] shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). And St. Paul declares, that "as we have borne the image of the earthy" man, "we shall also bear the image of the heavenly" man (1 Cor. xv. 49), "the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious Body" (Phil. iii. 20). We are told that the dead, small and great, shall stand before God to be judged, every man according to his works (Rev. xx. 12, 13); that the wicked shall be cast into the lake of fire (ver. 15), where their punishment will be everlasting; while the righteous shall go away into life eternal (Matt. xxv. 46), where there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, or any more pain (Rev. xxi. 4); where they will be admitted to the society of an "innumerable company of angels;" to the spirits of "just men made perfect;" to the "general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven" (Heb. xii. 23); to the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and holy men; all those that are departed in the true faith of God's Holy Name (*Burial-service*); a great multitude, such as no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues (Rev. vii. 9). With this society shall they live "before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," Rev. vii. 15, 16, (for the heavenly city will have no

need of the sun or of the moon to shine in it, but the glory of God will lighten it, Rev. xxi. 23), and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes (Rev. vii. 17), and they shall eat of the tree of life, and live for ever.

This is the happiness promised to the *faithful* members of Christ's holy Catholic Church. "Christ is risen from the dead;" but never forget, my dear Ellen, that those only who live as Christians will have the comfort of His resurrection. He has opened the gate of everlasting life; but it is not enough that the gate is opened, if we do not walk in the way that leads to it; we must purify ourselves as He is pure, and set our affections on things above (see Epistle for the day), or heaven will be no place of happiness to us. Let us, therefore, pray, in the words of the Collect for this day,—“Almighty God, who through Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special grace preventing [going before and assisting] us, Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.”

A MORNING HYMN ON EASTER-DAY.

HARK ! the shrill herald of the morn
Begins the sons of men to warn,
And bids them all arise,

To celebrate His great renown,
Who sends the light refulgent down,
To bless our longing eyes.

At this the fainting shadows die,
The powers of darkness swiftly fly
Before the morning star ;
Pale trembling Murder dares not stay ;
And fiends, abash'd at sight of day,
Back to their den repair.

'Tis this the weary sailor cheers,
Who now no more the tempest hears,
Which morning bids to cease :
O come that day spring from on high,
When Discord shall with darkness fly,
And all be light and peace !

'Twas this that drew repentant tears
From Peter, led by worldly fears
His Master to disown ;
Warn'd by the monitor of day,
He cast the works of night away,
And sought th' abjured sun.

Whene'er the bird of dawning crows,
He tells us all how Peter rose,
And mark'd us out the road :
That each disciple might begin,
Awake, like him, from sleep and sin,
To think betimes on God.

EASTER-DAY.

Smote by the Eye that looks on all,
Let us, obedient to the call,

Arise to weep and pray ;
Till mournful, as on sin we muse,
Faith, like an angel, tells the news—
“ The Lord is risen to-day !”

BISHOP HORNE.

EASTER-DAY.

O DAY of days ! shall hearts set free
No “ minstrel-rapture” find for thee ?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays :

Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year ;
Sundays by thee more glorious break—
An Easter-day in every week.

And week-days following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain ;
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.





A LETTER TO A LITTLE GODSON
ON HIS FIRST GOING TO CHURCH.

MY DEAR LITTLE GODSON,

I WAS very much pleased with the nice little note which you sent me yesterday in your papa's letter; and I write this to thank you for it, and to wish you joy of the

great pleasure which you had for the first time last Sunday. It is indeed a day to be remembered by you with joy and gratitude to the end of your life. I believe that you already understand a great deal of the blessing of being allowed to join in the public worship of God,—of praying to Him and praising Him in His holy house. The last time (and the first) you were taken to that holy house, you were carried there in your nurse's arms, for you were then but a little baby, and taken there to be made a Christian. Since that time God has kept you from all dangers, has given you kind friends to watch over your helpless infancy, and to teach you as much as you can understand of heavenly things; and now He has permitted you to worship Him in His holy church. This blessing will seem greater to you, as you grow older and understand it better, but I am sure that even now you feel how very wrong it is to behave badly at church; as, I am sorry to say, I have seen some poor little children behave, looking about, and not attending to the service, or trying to join in it. I have always felt very sorry for them, thinking that they could not have been taught, what a sacred and solemn place the house of God is. It was consecrated, or made holy, and set apart for His worship by the Bishop. In it are performed all the most solemn services in which a Christian takes part. Soon after he is born into the world, and while he is yet too young to know or understand the great things which are done for him, he is taken to church, baptized with water from the font, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and washed clean by the Holy Spirit of God, of which the



water is "the outward and visible sign," and "put into a state of salvation through Jesus Christ" (*Church Catechism*). By this holy sacrament of baptism he is "grafted [or joined] into the body of Christ's Church" (*Baptismal service*), His invisible and spiritual Church; that is, the whole body of Christians, of which He is the Head, and which is likened in the Bible to an holy building or temple of God built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone (Eph. ii. 20, 1 Cor. iii. 9, 10, 1 Peter ii. 5); and as soon as he is old enough, he makes one of the congregation who meet together on every Sunday, (and in some places daily,) to offer up public prayers and praises in His holy church to Him who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." As soon as the child is old enough to understand the promises which his godfathers and godmothers made for him at his baptism, he is brought to church to renew and confirm them in his own person, acknowledging himself bound to believe and to do all those things which they did then undertake for him, and the Bishop lays his hand upon him and blesses him. This service is called Confirmation; and as soon as the child has been confirmed, he is admitted to the holy altar, and allowed (and even commanded) to receive the most holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. When this child is grown up to be a man, if he marries, a service is performed in the church, the minister "joins him and his wife together in holy matrimony," and blesses them in the name of God; if he is ill, prayers are offered up for him in the church, and thanksgivings when

he is restored to health ; and when it pleases God to take him from this life, and to call back his soul to Himself, his body is taken into the church, the clergyman performs the funeral-service, and he is laid in the churchyard, to rest, till Jesus Christ shall come with all His holy angels, and the dead shall arise and stand before Him.

Thus you see that the whole life of a Christian is connected with, (that is, joined to) the Church, and it is also an emblem or sign of heaven. May you and I, and all whom we love, my dear Godson, learn so to worship God in His holy house on earth, that we may hereafter sing His praises in heaven with all the holy angels who stand around His throne. I think I have said enough to shew you with what love and respect you should look upon the church, and how seriously and reverently you should behave when you are in it, because it is the holy place in which God is pleased to be especially present on earth, and where His appointed ministers perform the most solemn duties of their holy office.

And now, my dear little Godson, I must finish my letter, and wish you good-bye. I hope you are not tired of reading it, though it is longer than I meant it to be when I began to write it.

Give my love to your brothers and sisters ; and believe me

Your very affectionate Godmother.

A HYMN.

1.

THE glittering grass, with dewstars bright,
Is all astir with twinkling light ;
What pity such a fair array
So soon is meant to melt away !

2.

Yet hath God given those drops a power
To raise the grass and cheer the flower ;
All the hot noon their grace shall bide,
And fresh shall fall at eventide.

3.

So, day by day, O Lord, renew
The grace of my baptismal dew ;
Let its sweet power be with me now,
As when it sparkled on my brow.

4.

And evermore that gift bestow,
While in Thy garden here I grow ;
That still to heaven my growth may tend,
From whence those blessed dews descend.

From " Poems by REV. THOS. WHYTEHEAD."



THE SHEEPFOLD.

An Allegory.

I STROLLED forth one hot day in June, and laid myself down to rest under the shade of a lofty elm-tree. Sweet sights and sounds were around me; and while I watched the sheep quietly browsing in the green fields, and listened to the carolling of the lark as he rose higher and higher among the clouds, I fell asleep; and as I slept, a vision was presented to me.

I seemed to see, in a far-distant land, a sheepfold situated in the midst of a vast plain, well shut in and closely guarded by porters at every gate. I drew near to it, and craved leave to enter from the venerable porter at the

western gate; but he told me that none could be admitted therein, unless he were signed with the sign which marked those who belonged to the Great Shepherd and Owner of those sheep; but he gave me leave to look through the gate which guarded the entrance. Then I saw that all the sheep were marked with a red figure or sign, but in all it was not equally bright. At first I thought, "Surely age has dimmed the brightness of that mark; in the youngest lambs it shines most brightly, and their fleeces are white as snow." But no; when I looked again, in some of the most aged sheep it shone still brighter. So I asked the reason; and the porter told me that the mark had been made equally bright upon all, but in some it had faded from their neglect of their fleeces. They had not cared to wash them frequently in the clear spring-water provided for them by the Great Shepherd, but had rolled themselves in the dusty paths, and had soiled them, and left some of their wool on the hedges by the way-side. I asked when the mark was put upon them; and he said that all the lambs who were born within the fold were marked while they were yet weak and helpless, and some soon learned to keep their fleeces white and clean, while others grew careless of them, and soiled them, and thus caused the brightness of the red mark to fade.

"Can, then, none be of the fold," I asked, "but those who are born within it?"

"Yes, if they come to the Great Shepherd for protection, and learn to know His voice and to follow Him, He will kindly receive them into His fold, and they are marked by His shepherds with His mark, and become His sheep."

While the porter was talking thus, a man carrying a shepherd's crook (curiously wrought and engraved with a red cross, and a mark like that which I had noticed on the sheep,) drew near, and I found that he was one of the shepherds of the fold, and had power and authority from the Great Shepherd over the sheep. His looks were so mild and loving (although inflexible), that I longed to speak to him ; but the porter asked for me, and he gave me leave to remain yet a few hours in the field which surrounded the fold. Then the porter led me round the field to a small hut, where I remained that night ; and the next day, methought, I went forth with him, and stood at the western gate, and watched the sheep and all that they did, and heard further of the history of the fold from the porter. I found that the sheep were travelling to a distant country, under the guidance of the Great Shepherd and of the shepherds whom He had set over them. Their way led them through sandy deserts, and over rough roads, and thorns and briars ; but the country to which they were going was the Kingdom of the Great Shepherd,—it was fruitful in green pastures, and rivers pure as crystal, and there the sheep of His fold would rest for ever, free from all dangers, under His tender and loving care. I asked why the sheep were not now moving on their way ; and my companion told me that the Great Shepherd had provided resting-places for them at the end of every six days' journey ; and that sweet grass and pure water would be given, from time to time, to such as would partake of them, and refresh themselves from the toils of their journey. "Surely," I said, "none would refuse this refreshment!"

But my guide said, with a very sorrowful air, that some were even found to do so; and that to those who were careless and idle in making use of these good things offered to them by their Great Shepherd, they became in time tasteless and flat; while to those who received them gladly, they became more and more pleasant and refreshing, and helped them on their way.

I thought that while my guide spake thus, the shadows of evening fell, and I seemed to see no more, till the sheep were travelling, guided by their shepherds, through a vast wilderness. The way seemed painful and wearisome, and the sun shone fiercely upon them; but some went cheerfully and steadily on, in the track by which their shepherds led them, and the silver bells which they carried round their necks tinkled sweetly and cheeringly; but others of the flock lagged behind, and some were so far in the background, that I feared they would miss the right path. Some, too, there were who seemed to be always looking back, and to the right and left, where tempting visions of clear water and green fields were ever and anon to be seen, and the bells at their necks gave forth few and uncertain sounds. Then I asked the porter, whom I saw with the sheep, why their shepherds would not let them rest in those green pastures, and by the clear brooks; but he bid me go near, and look closely at them; and when I did so, I saw that the water was muddy, and full of crocodiles and fierce animals, ready to spring upon the sheep; and the fields covered by poisonous and unwholesome plants; and in the woods round about the fields were wolves and lions,

lying in wait for the sheep, to devour them when they should come near. Then I hastened back to the flock, and I saw the shepherds going amongst the sheep, speaking comforting words to them, and taking one and then another of the weak lambs of the fold, and carrying them over the rough stones which came in their way. But amongst those sheep who lingered, and did not look straight forward, I saw men in the dress of shepherds, but with crooks differently marked, and without the particular sign which distinguished the crooks which their own shepherds bore, mixing with them, and trying to lead them in other ways than that by which they were guiding them. Some of the wisest turned away from them ; but of those who were led by their coaxing and beguiling words to follow them, I saw, alas ! many who left the fold (heedless of the efforts of their shepherds, who were desired by the Great Shepherd to use harsh words, and even force when gentler measures failed, to keep them in the right path), and followed these false shepherds ; and some even turned back, as if they had need of none to guide them. I noticed that the bells of the sheep who left the fold gave forth harsh and discordant sounds, and some soon became rusty, and ceased to be heard, and dropped from their necks, and were trodden under their feet at last.

Once more I seemed lost in sleep ; and when I looked again, the flock had drawn near to their journey's end. Some new sheep I saw amongst them ; and the porter told me they had joined the fold by the way. I asked if the road had been more hard to these ? and he said that at

first they could scarcely get on, and stumbled at every step; but the shepherds spoke cheeringly to them, and gave them of the food and drink which the Great Shepherd had provided for them, and this seemed to give them new life, and they went more easily forward on their way. But the sheep whom I had seen listening to the false shepherds were not now among the flock, and my heart sank within me, and I could not ask what had befallen them; but the porter read my thoughts, and told me that their end had been as sad as I feared. Of those who had followed them into other paths, only two had returned weary and footsore to the fold. The others had wandered from path to path, and had lost their way in the wilderness, or were entangled in the briars, and were seen no more; or had gone to the deceitful brooks and fields, and had been devoured by the crocodiles and the wolves and lions which were lying in wait for them, or poisoned by the noxious plants. While I was yet listening to these sad tidings, the flock came near to a dark and dismal thicket, the path through which was so narrow, that but one sheep could pass along it at a time. I saw that some of the shepherds passed into this thicket one by one before their flock, and were lost from sight, and the sheep bleated, and seemed to mourn for their loss; but the other shepherds encouraged them to follow those who had gone before, and pointed to a glimpse of light which was seen through the thick briars; and the porter told me, that on the other side of the thicket they would join their shepherds, and would see the Great Shepherd, Who had passed through the thicket Himself, and would send help to His sheep as they passed through.

And some took courage, and went towards the thicket, and the shepherds who were left with them spoke cheering words to them, and gave them of the food and drink provided by the Great Shepherd; and they passed into the thicket, and were seen no more. But when all had passed through, and I was left alone, suddenly a great light shone forth upon the darkness, and I saw the Great Shepherd in the midst of the shepherds who had passed through the thicket so long before; and from the place whereon He stood, there flowed "a pure river of water, . . . clear as crystal," and green pastures were on its banks, and the sheep drew near and rested at His feet, and their red marks shone brightly in the light, and their fleeces were white as snow; their silver bells gave forth sweet notes of triumph, and I knew that the flock were arrived at the end of their journey, and would be happy for ever.

Some of my young readers may perhaps guess, that in this tale more is meant than meets the eye, that other and greater things are represented by common figures, and some lesson intended to be taught by it: and they are right in thinking so, for this is the purpose and meaning of an allegory. By the sheepfold, then, is signified the Church of Christ (see St. John x. 1), who is called in Scripture the Great Shepherd of the sheep (Heb. xiii. 20). The members of that Church, who have been received into "the congregation of Christ's flock," and "signed with the sign of the cross," should keep the holiness and purity given them in their baptism, as fresh and unspotted as they can, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, of which the water in which the

sheep were to wash their fleeces, is an emblem or sign. The dusty paths and hedges by the wayside, are the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which they (the members of the Church) have renounced. They are travelling to heaven, and their shepherds or ministers have the commission of Christ to teach them and lead them in the right path, and to administer the most holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the spiritual food and drink which He gives to strengthen and refresh their souls, as the sweet grass and pure water refreshed the sheep; and which, if taken with a "true penitent heart and lively faith," will help them on their way to the country to which they are travelling. Once in seven days, too, they are commanded to rest from their worldly labours, and by making use of the means which He has provided, obtain a better knowledge of their road, and of the land to which it leads, and strength to proceed more speedily on their journey. Those who neglect these helps and means of grace are soon faint, and wearied by the toils of the way; some turn back at the first trial or temptation that befalls them, others crave for the things of the world which they have renounced, and wandering after pleasures, which soon will be found (like the visions of clear water and green fields which led the sheep astray,) tasteless; and steeped with bitterness and disappointment, they give themselves up to the indulgence of their evil desires and passions, and become the prey of the devil, the roaring lion, who goes about seeking whom he may devour. Other dangers sometimes beset the flock of Christ; men who have not received His commission, not having been ordained by the Bishops to whom that com-

mission has descended from the holy Apostles, but who take upon themselves an authority which they have not, try to lead them from the true fold of the Church, into the by-ways of heresy and schism. The Church-prayers, which are regular and harmonious as the true and sweet sounds which the silver bells gave forth, are put aside, and words without form and authority, too often without reverence, are used in their stead; and in time, perhaps, the spirit, as well as the form of prayer is shaken off; the silver bells are trampled under foot, and become like "sounding brass" and "tinkling cymbals." Those who leave the fold often go from one kind of dissent to another, take up one heresy after another, and sink at last into utter confusion and infidelity; while the true and faithful members of the Church are travelling steadily, cheered and guided by their appointed pastors, and supported by the means of grace given them in the ordinances of the Church, through the trials and temptations which beset them on their way. They are joined, from time to time, by heathens whom God brings home to His flock in His own good time, to make a part of His "one fold under one Shepherd" (St. John x. 16).

They come at last, one by one, to the hour of death, the dark thicket through which all must pass; and comforted by the promises of their Great Shepherd and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who has overcome death and brought life and immortality to light; and encouraged by the examples of the holy men, saints and martyrs, who have passed joyfully through the gates of death, they cheerfully partake for the last time of the holy Communion of the Body and

Blood of Christ, are commended by their ministers "into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour" (see *Visitation of the Sick*), and are removed to a place of peaceful happiness, where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," till the great day of the Lord's coming to judge the world; after which, as St. John the Divine tells us, those who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," will be before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; their silver bells will give forth sweet notes of triumph, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and the Lamb will feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water, and they shall see His face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads, and they shall reign for ever and ever (see Revelation, chapters 7th, 19th, and 22d).

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

MY Shepherd is the Lord; I know
 No care or craving need:
 He lays me where the green herbs grow
 Along the quiet mead.

He leads me where the waters glide,
 The waters soft and still,
 And homeward He will gently guide
 My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
 Even for His Name's dear sake.

What if in vale and shade of Death
My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill ; for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art,
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me ;
And I within my Father's gate
For long bright years shall be.

From MR. KEBLE's " Psalter, or Psalms of David."

THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of a better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother, O where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

" Not there, not there, my child !"

“ Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold ;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine ;
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child !

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !”

MRS. HEMANS.



CHURCHES.



BISHOPSBOURNE CHURCH.

THE Church of Bishopsbourne, well known as the church in which *Hooker's* last ministerial duties were performed, and where he was buried, lies in a valley about three or four miles to the south-east of Canterbury. It is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and over the space between the last arch

of the south aisle, and that opening to the large pew on the south side belonging to Bourne House, is a small arched opening in which it is said an image of the Virgin Mary once stood, resting upon a piece of stone given by William Hante, Esq., by his will in 1462, with other relics; this stone, according to a tradition, being one upon which the angel Gabriel descended when he saluted the Virgin. The church consists of a body, and side aisles, and chancel. The appearance of the interior is light, and has been greatly improved by the removal of a wooden screen, by which, through a high pointed arch, the space of the lower part of the tower has been added to the nave. There is a square tower, with a low spire containing four bells. The east window of the south aisle has a neat perpendicular window filled with stained glass, representing Scripture subjects and several coats of arms. It is of Dutch manufacture, and the colours are well preserved. Some are dated 1550, others 1615. On the latter is the name of the artist, Eeekins. There are no old monuments in the church; but one was put up by Sir William Cowper (on the north side of the chancel, near the pulpit,) to the memory of Mr. Hooker, of whom he speaks with great respect and affection as his "spiritual father." The register of Bishopsbourne is signed by Hooker in every page while he was rector of the parish. It also has the following entry:—

"An. Do. 1600.

Mr. Richard Hooker, late parson of Bishopsbourne,
buried the 4 of Novembr."



PARSONAGE HOUSE, BISHOPSBOURNE.

The parsonage is within a very short distance of the church. It has nothing particularly worthy of description, nor any known memorial of Hooker. The garden is bounded on the south and east sides by a very thick and flourishing yew-hedge, about nine feet high, believed to have been planted in his time, though there is no tradition that it was planted by his hand. Mr. Hooker was presented to the living of Bishopsbourne by Queen Elizabeth, July 7th, 1595, when Dr. W. Redman, the former rector, was made Bishop of Norwich; and here he continued till his death, practising "mortification and self-denial, was much in fasting, and frequent in meditation and prayers." Upon his first arrival, his friendship was much sought after by Dr. Hadrian Saravia, one of the prebends of Canterbury cathedral, who became his dear and intimate friend,

"knowing the very secrets of his soul,"—for they were supposed to be confessors to each other.

Mr. Hooker's custom was to preach once on every Sunday, and he or his curate to catechise after the second lesson in the evening prayer. On every Ember-week he used to lock himself up in the church for many hours each day, and also on most Fridays, and other days of fasting. He was watchful over and charitable to his parishioners, and frequent in visiting them; and was of so mild and humble a nature, "that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off at the same time." While at Bourne, he wrote the last four books of his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

About the year 1600, and the forty-sixth of his age, he fell into a long and sharp illness, owing to a cold taken in passing by water from London to Gravesend, and from this he never recovered, but was very diligent in his study, and would often say to Dr. Saravia, who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life, "that he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish his three remaining books of 'Polity;' then, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." About a month before his death he lost his appetite, but still studied and wrote. Not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which, when he heard, his question was, "Are my books and written papers safe?" and being told that they were, his reply was, "Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me." The day before his death, Dr. Saravia gave him "the Church's absolution," and the blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, after which he thought he

saw "a reverend gaiety and joy in his face." On returning to him early the next morning, and finding him deep in thought, the doctor asked him what he was thinking of; to which he replied, "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven; and O that it might be so on earth!" His last words were, "I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past, as a shadow that returns not." He could say no more; and after a short struggle "fell asleep," with a quiet sigh.

His "poor parish-clerk" lived till the third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, and had many rewards for shewing Mr. Hooker's grave-place and monument. He always heard him spoken of with great praise and reverence, to which he added his own knowledge and observations of his holiness and humility. But when the then rector of Bourne was sequestered, or removed from his living, and a Genevan minister put in his place, in the time of the Long Parliament, the clerk said with wonder, that "they had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted if his good master, Mr. Hooker, had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too." And when the Genevan minister ordered stools and forms to be set round the altar for himself and a party to sit and receive the Sacrament, and bade the clerk cease wondering and lock the door, he replied, "Pray take you the keys and lock me out; I will never come more into this church: for all men will say my master Hooker was a good man and a good scholar, and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days." And

report says that the old man went home and died shortly afterwards. The register of his burial is as follows:—

“ 1648.

“ Sampson Horton was buried the 9th of May 1648, who had bin clarke to this church, by his own relation, threescore years.”



BEMERTON CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

BEMERTON CHURCH, of which *George Herbert* was rector from 1630 to 1632, is about a mile from Salisbury, and is a chapel of ease to Fugglestone, or Fulstone, about two miles distant. The church, which is dedicated to St. An-

drew, is very small, being only forty-four feet five inches long, and fourteen feet wide. It has two Gothic windows, one at the west end, of the decorated style; the other, at the south, belonging to the time of the transition to the perpendicular style. The east end appears to have been rebuilt, and it is supposed that the window now there, is in the place of a former one of an older style. The bell is contained in a low wooden turret, which is scarcely higher than the roof. There is an old and rude baptismal font. There is no memorial-stone to George Herbert; but in the parish-register is the following notice:—

“1632. March 8. o. s.

“Mr. George Herbert, parson of Fugglestone and Bemerton, was buried at the north side of the altar, but no monument.”

On the south side of the church, near the altar, is a marble tablet against the wall, to the memory of Mr. John Norris, who was rector of Bemerton from 1691 to 1711, and was buried at Bemerton. The parsonage is close to the church, and some traces of the old building may be seen in the thick chimneys and old-fashioned windows. The side of the house looking to the garden has suffered least in appearance; the garden itself is very pleasantly situated, and was much added to by Archdeacon Coxe; and there is an old decayed medlar-tree, which perhaps existed in the days of Mr. Herbert. The garden is washed by the stream Wily, from the brink of which is a good view of Salisbury cathedral.

George Herbert was inducted to Bemerton April 26th,

1630, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was presented to it by the king, at the request of the Earl of Pembroke, patron of the living, when he was in deacon's orders; but he was so sensible of the great responsibility of "the cure of so many souls," that he took a month's time for consideration, with prayer and fasting, before he would accept it; to which he was at last persuaded by Dr. Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. When Mr. Herbert was shut into Bemerton church, and left alone to toll the bell, according to custom, he stayed so much longer than usual, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church-window and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time, as he afterwards told Mr. Woodnot, he made some resolutions for his future life. The first object of Mr. Herbert was to get the parish church repaired, and to beautify the chapel, which he did at his own expense. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage-house, which was fallen down or decayed; and having done this, he had these verses engraved over the chimney in the hall:

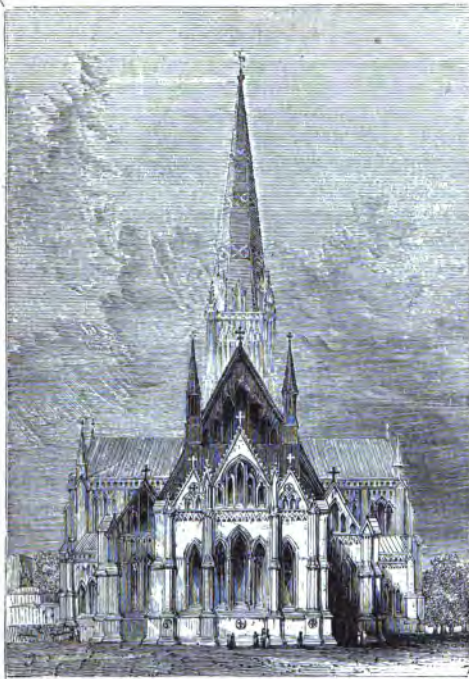
To my Successor.

"If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost."

He was ordained priest by Dr. Humphrey Henchman, afterwards Bishop of London, who, "within less than three

years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave." While at Bemerton, Mr. Herbert wrote "The Country Parson;" "a book," says Walton, "full of plain, prudent, and useful rules"—which was published after his death. The texts of Mr. Herbert's sermons were constantly taken from the gospel for the day; and he followed as much as possible the teaching of the Church in instructing his parishioners, explaining the services of the Prayer-book, and the reasons for the appointment of the festivals and fasts of the Church; being also constant in catechising on every Sunday, in the afternoon, for half-an-hour, after the second lesson. He had service every day in his chapel at ten and four o'clock, when "he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation," consisting of his wife and family, most of his parishioners, and many of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and some of the poorest people were known to leave their plough, when Mr. Herbert's saints' bell rang, to join him in prayer, and then return back to their work. But these public prayers never made him neglect his private devotions, or those which he performed with his family, which were always a set form, and concluded with the collect appointed for the day or week. Mr. Herbert's chief recreation was music, in which he was very learned, and composed many hymns and anthems to his lute; and twice every week he attended the cathedral-service at Salisbury (while his curate, Mr. Bostock, performed the duty at Bemerton chapel), and would often say, that his "time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth." After the service he generally

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



Begun 1220—Finished 1258.

joined a private music-meeting of his friends, and would play and sing with them. Many pleasant anecdotes are related of his walks to and from Salisbury; one of which is, of his assisting a poor man to raise a horse which had fallen under his load; which drew upon him a remark from one of his musical friends, "that he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment;" to which he answered, "that the thoughts of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whenever he should pass by that place; for," added he, "if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion." He took every opportunity, in his walks to Salisbury, to instruct the ignorant and comfort the afflicted, and always confirmed his precepts by humility and mercy. His wife joined in all his works of charity, to which he set no bounds, and was his willing almoner, receiving from him, constantly, a tenth part of his tithes for the poor. He continued to perform all his ministerial duties till he became so much weakened by consumption, as to be entirely confined to his house and chapel, where he read prayers, as long as he had strength to read, twice every day, and then his curate (a learned and virtuous man, and an old friend of Mr. Herbert's) read them in his stead. About a month before his death, his friend, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, hearing of his illness, sent a

brother clergyman, Mr. Duncon, to see him, and to bring him an account of his health. Mr. Herbert asked him to pray with him; and when Mr. Duncon asked what prayers he should read, replied, "O sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England; no other prayers are equal to them: but, at this time, I beg of you to pray only the litany, for I am weak and faint." Mr. Duncon left him the next day; and was so much touched by his piety and humility that he promised to return to him in five days, which, when he did, he found him much weaker; and Mr. Herbert gave him a little book which he had written, "The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," to take to his friend Mr. Ferrar, with a loving message, assuring him that he was "waiting for his appointed change with hope and patience." When Mr. Duncon departed, his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came to him, and remained with him till his death, which took place about three weeks after his arrival. He was often visited also and prayed for by the neighbouring clergy, especially the bishop and prebends of Salisbury Cathedral, and carefully nursed by his wife and three nieces. On the Sunday before his death, rising suddenly from his bed, he called for one of his musical instruments, took it into his hand, and said,

" My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee ;
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

Then, having tuned it, he played and sang—

“ The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on Time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sundays heaven’s door stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.”

He continued meditating, praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death, when he expressed to Mr. Woodnot his full trust in the mercy of God, to whom he had nothing to present but sin and misery ; and when reminded of his many works of charity, of his rebuilding the church, &c. &c., he replied, “ They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.” His last words were, “ Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord,—Lord, now receive my soul.”

“ Thus he lived, and thus he died,” says Walton, “ like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life.”

“ All must to their cold graves ;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.”





HODNET CHURCH.

HODNET (in Shropshire) can scarcely be called a village or a town. It consists chiefly of two streets, of irregular buildings, at the upper end of one of which stands the church. The whole churchyard, and many parts of the village, lie on a huge mass of rock, and the church is built of the same old red sandstone. There are two small chapels of ease (Weston Chapel, and the perpetual curacy of More-

ton) to the parish of Hodnet, which is very large. The manor, church, and lands belonged to the Hodnett, or Odenett, family for five generations, and came to those of Ludlow and Vernon by marriage. In 1754 the property came to the grandfather of Bishop Heber, who was descended from the Vernons, in the female line. Probably the tombs of the Hodnets, the Ludlows, and Vernons, were once to be seen in Hodnet Church; but now only one remains—the tomb of Henrietta, the last of the Vernons, and from the roof above it, hang on one side the faulchion and gauntlet, and on the other the spurs of knighthood. During the rebellion the church was stripped of its old memorials, and much spoiled; and the rector, Dr. John Arnway, Archdeacon of Lichfield, and a zealous royalist, was persecuted, his rectory and his books burnt, and he was driven from his house; and, after being imprisoned and ill-used, fled first to the Hague, and then to Virginia, and died in poverty before the restoration. After the rebellion, the church seems to have been much neglected, and treated with great carelessness.

It is large, and divided into broad aisles and chancels by a row of six pillars, five circular and one octangular, running along the whole extent of the building, and supporting five circular and two pointed arches. The capitals of the pillars are not ornamented. The ceilings of the north and south chancels are panelled with dark oak, and small but flowered bosses. The royal arms are painted between the south aisle and the chancel, with the date 1660. The church is dedicated to St. Oswald. At the principal entrance is a small oaken box for alms, with two

locks, and the words "Remember the Poor," in raised carving, on its front.

Hodnet Church is said to have been built by Sir Rowland Hill, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but it is doubtful whether it was not rather rebuilt in parts by him. The tower is octagonal, and said to be Norman; and in the chancel, on the south wall, are three trefoil-headed stone stalls. The font is very old and grotesque, carved with griffins and other monsters, which have been spoiled by white and grey paint. There are one or two fragments of coloured glass in the large mullioned window which fills up the whole eastern end of the north chancel; under which window is a reading-desk of carved oak, to which some old books are fastened with chains. On the side-wall of the south chancel is a tablet of white marble, containing a bust of Bishop Heber, by Chantrey, with a long inscription in English, written by Mr. Southey. Higher up are two other monuments; one to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Cuthbert Heber, the Bishop's younger brother, and his curate for some years, who died in 1816; and the other to the Rev. Charles C. Cholmondeley, once rector of Hodnet, the husband of his only sister, and by whom the church was repaired; both tenderly beloved by him.

There are also several monuments in Hodnet Church sacred to the memory of members of the family of the Hills of Hawkstone, of whom Sir Rowland Hill was the ancestor; and the family vault, dated A.D. 1500, is under the north chancel.

The sum of 2*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* is paid yearly, according to some old agreement, by the rector of Hodnet to the Pen-

drills of Boscobel, by whom Charles the Second was concealed.

Reginald Heber was instituted, by his brother, to the family living of Hodnet in 1807 ; and he settled on it immediately after his marriage in 1809, and entered, at first, unassisted upon the care of this large parish ; in order to perform the duties of which more perfectly, he withdrew a good deal from society, and devoted his time and talents entirely to the spiritual and temporal good of his parishioners. His ear was never shut to their complaints, or his hands closed to their wants ; and it is said that he could never pass a sick person, or a child crying, without trying to soothe and help them ; and the kindness of his manner made his good offices doubly felt. It is related of him, that one day while riding with Mrs. Heber near a cottage, he saw some cows trespassing in the garden, and got off his horse to tell the owner of the mischief they were doing. Finding no one at home, he drove the cows himself out of the garden, and made up the fence to prevent their return. He was so humble, and so little desirous to display his knowledge, that a child who had been repeating her lesson to him by her mother's desire, and with whom he had talked afterwards, said, when asked how she liked saying her lesson to him, " Oh, very much ; and he told me a great many things ; but I do not think he knows much more than I do."

In 1812, the rectory-house of Hodnet was pulled down, being much out of repair ; and Mr. Heber lived for two years at Moreton, but returned to Hodnet as soon as the house was rebuilt, in the spring of 1814. Through life he

was subject to inflammatory attacks, but by constant exercise and care he was able to fulfil his duties ; and being an early riser, he contrived to spend some time with his books and in his studies, which, however, he never allowed to interrupt his duties as a parish priest, in which he was most active, and happy in gaining the confidence and affection of his flock, finding his chief pleasure in administering to their necessities, and in attending and comforting them in sickness and sorrow. In 1817, Mr. Heber was appointed to a stall in the Cathedral of St. Asaph. His first child was born in 1818, but lived only six months ; and her loss was deeply felt by her parents. In 1821, his second daughter was born. In 1823, he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. He left Hodnet with great grief ; and his parishioners parted with him with equal sorrow, all joining in expressing their affection and respect for him, on the day he preached his farewell sermon. On the 22d of April he finally left Shropshire, and from a range of high grounds near the town of Newport, turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet ; and here his feelings burst forth, as he declared his belief that he should return to it no more. He was consecrated bishop on the 1st of June 1823, and sailed on the 16th for India, where he died on the 3d of April 1826.

Most of his works were written at Hodnet.





RYAM CHURCH.

RYAM CHURCH, memorable as the scene of the dreadful visitation of the plague in 1666, and of the exertions and self-devotion of the rector, the Rev. William Mompesson, is situated about four miles to the east of Tideswell, in Derbyshire.

The chief objects of attention in and about the church are the following :—The old font at the west end of the nave, which is simple, and without any carving ; the window at the east end of the north aisle, the upper part of which is filled with coloured glass, and may be dated about the fourteenth century ; and the three pointed arches on each side of the nave, supported by different sorts of columns, plain, octagon, and clustered. On the north side of the aisle is a table of the parish benefactors, and

over the west door of the steeple a very old stone tablet.
Under the south wall of the church is the following curious
epitaph :—

“ Here lithe the body of Ann
Sellars, buried by this stone, who
died on Jan^r 15th, 1731.

Likewise lise dear Isaac
Sellars, my husband and my
Sight, who was buried this
Same day come seven years.
1738.

Seven years there comes a change
Observe, and here you'll see
On that same day come seven years
My husband lies by me.

Written by a brother of Isaac Sellars.”

There is a very old and beautiful cross in the church-
yard, now in a very ruined state, of which nothing is



known, but that Mr. Howard, when he visited Eyam before he left England, found it lying in the churchyard, and nearly overgrown by docks and thistles, and at his suggestion the top part of the cross was placed on its shaft, which is imperfect.

The monument sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mompesson may be seen near the chancel-door. It is a plain raised slab, ornamented on the south side with a blank shield ; on the east with a death's-head ; and on the west with an hour-glass between two wings. On the slab is a Latin epitaph.

The plague was conveyed to Eyam by a box of woollen clothes sent from London to a tailor, who, with his family, were the first victims to the infection, which in a few days spread to the whole hamlet, and would have been carried to the neighbouring parishes by the frightened inhabitants, whose first thought was to escape from the danger by flight, but for the rector, who, calling his people together, declared that he would remain at his post till the last, and entreated them to take the means which he would propose to them, for their own good, and for the preservation of their neighbours. They having promised to obey him in all things, he sent his two children to the care of some friends at a distance, (his wife refused to leave him, in spite of his earnest entreaties,) and devoted himself entirely to the dangerous service he had undertaken. He wrote to the Earl of Devonshire, promising that if a regular supply of provisions could be placed daily on certain spots upon the neighbouring hills, not a single parishioner should leave the infected village ; and this was done under the earl's superintendence, all through the continuance of the

plague; and troughs or wells are still shewn which were filled with water to receive the money paid for these provisions. Mr. Mompesson next built small huts in distant and airy situations, to which the sick were removed as soon as the disease appeared; and knowing that danger might arise from a number of people breathing the same air under a confined roof, he closed the church, and performed the service in one of the arches, under a rock projecting from a steep hill about half a mile from the village, while his congregation arranged themselves on the grass below him at the distance of a yard apart. This spot is still held to be sacred, and known by the name of Cucklet Church; and here he gathered together his congregation three times a week, and twice on every Sunday, to teach them the sacred truths which alone could give them comfort, and to prepare them for the death which was now so familiar to them. As the summer advanced, the number of his flock became less and less, and at last his heaviest trial came.

In the second week of August, Mrs. Mompesson sickened with the plague, and died in her husband's arms, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. "This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write," he says, in a letter dated "Eyam, Sept. 1st, 1666," written to Sir George Saville, the patron of his living, to "bid him a hearty farewell for ever," and to beg him "to befriend his distressed orphans, and to make choice of a humble pious man to succeed him in his parsonage." "Dear sir," he adds, "let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears like living a pious life; and pray,

ever remember this rule—never do any thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.”

It appears, from the crowded state of the churchyard, that for a time the dead were buried there, in the usual manner, many gravestones being dated 1666. But probably the space was soon filled, the number of deaths during the time of the plague being 317 ;—58 of which were of children. Many gravestones were formerly found in a small plot of ground close to the village ; and an exposed hill, about half a mile distant, seems to have been a favourite burying-ground. It is now known by the name of “Riley gravestones ;” but nothing remains on the spot excepting six head-stones and a tomb, memorials of a whole family.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Mompesson, the disease began to abate, and ceased in about two months.

Mr. Mompesson survived the pestilence, and was made prebendary of Southwell, and rector of Ealring in Northamptonshire. The deanery of Lincoln was also offered to him, but he declined it in favour of his friend Dr. Fuller. He died in 1708.





THE HOUSE OF GOD.

It is the Sabbath-bell which calls to prayer,
Ev'n to the House of God, the hallow'd dome,
Where He, who claims it, bids His people come
To bow before His throne, and serve Him there,
With prayers, and thanks, and praises. . . Some there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home ;
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air !
For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to greet my Maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream ; yet not the less
Seek I His presence in each social rite
Of His own temple : *that* He deigns to bless,
There still He dwells, and *there* is His delight.



THE CATHEDRAL.

Ort on the *hallow'd piles* I love to gaze,
Which our forefathers built : whether the round
Deep arch, and massive pillars quaintly crown'd,
Of *Norman* grandeur ; or, of home-born praise,
The lighter forms which graced *Plantagenet's* days,
High-pointed vault, and shafts in clusters bound :
Or where the trellis'd net-work richly wound
O'er *Tudor's* roofs, and low-brow'd portals strays.
Gaze on them ! they are worthy, and declare
A brave munificence ! Nor let thy heart
Indulge the niggard thought, that aught is there
Of vain profusion. Noble was the art,
And nobly used, which gave their God to share
From **H**is own gifts a large and liberal part.



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

DEAR is the ancient village church, which rears
By the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound,
Its modest fabric: dear, amid the sound
Of bells, the grey embattled tower, that wears,
Of changeful hue, the marks of by-gone years;
Buttress and porch, and arch with mazy round
Of curious fret, or shapes fantastic crown'd;
Tall pinnacles, and mingled window tiers,
Norman, or misnam'd *Gothic*. Fairer spot,
Thou giv'st not, England, to the tasteful eye,
Nor to the heart more soothing. Blest their lot,
Knew they their bliss, who own their dwelling nigh
Such resting-place; there, by the world forgot,
In life to worship, and when dead to lie.



PAROCHIAL SERVICE.

AND dear it is, within the village fane
To go and worship ! Simple though it be,
Whate'er of prayer, or holy mystery,
To cleanse or strengthen, God hath will'd ordain,
And priest, and sacred truth's unsullied strain,
Are here : nor wants there voice of psalmody,
Rude, but not coarse ; then sweetest, when most free
From art, and led by yonder youthful train.
God owns the worship which His laws approve,
Whether 'mid populous city, nor the less
In lonely hamlet. Lift thy heart above,
And prosper ! He religion's costly dress
Rejects not, worn in meekness, faith, and love ;
And He the lowlier village rites will bless !

From Musings on the Church and her Services,
by BISHOP MANT.

AGNES AND CLEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to gain.

Christian Year.



THE parish church of the little village of Planiston is prettily situated under a hill, and surrounded by venerable old yew-trees. It has been there longer than any of the oldest inhabitants of Planiston can remember, and is quite grey and moss-covered¹ by age. At the foot of the lane

¹ with a species of moss called lichen.

leading to the church is the parsonage-house, a pretty cottage half-covered with roses and honeysuckles. Agnes and Clement Leslie live there, with their good uncle Mr. Herbert, the rector of the parish, and his sister, in whose charge they were left by their parents at their death. They may often be seen frisking about like little playful kids on the lawn before the house, or trundling their hoops along the high-road on a cold frosty morning. They have two little gardens of their own, in which they are fond of working, and often carry nosegays from their flower-beds to their aunt. One fine 29th of June (St. Peter's-day), when Agnes was about ten years old and Clement eight, they brought her a beautiful bouquet ; for they had roses, and pinks, and mignonette, and many other gay-looking and sweet-smelling flowers to gather for her. She was walking on the lawn, when they came with their little offerings, exclaiming, " Aunt Mary, here is a beautiful nosegay for you to-day !"

Clement. " I am so glad my rose is blown ; I have been watching it every day, and I was afraid it would not be out in time for to-day. I ran to see, the moment my lessons were finished, and you said that I might have a run in the garden. I did run indeed, Aunt Mary ; I don't think I was a minute getting from the hall-door to the hedge between our gardens and Uncle Herbert's ; and I was in such a fright lest the rose should not be quite blown enough for me to pick it, that when I came to the hedge I was afraid to look. I held my breath, and peeped through the bars of the gate ; and when I saw the beautiful red flower I was so glad ! What are you laughing at, Aunt Mary ?"

Aunt Mary. "At you, you little chatter-box, for being so eager about your flowers."

Clement. "Oh, you know I should have been so sorry if I had not had a nosegay to give you on a Saint's day."

Agnes. "And Aunt Mary would have been sorry not to have it."

Aunt M. "Yes; but I don't think I should have cried about it."

C. "No, I suppose not; because you are so old and wise. I wonder whether I shall care no more for things when I am old than you do?"

A. "O Clement! what do you mean? Aunt Mary cares for things very much, and for people too; she cares for Uncle Herbert, and for you and me, and for all her friends."

C. "Yes, I know she does; but that is not the sort of care I mean."

Aunt M. "Well, tell us what you do mean."

C. "Why, when my bird is ill, or my flowers die, or the rabbits eat them, I am so sorry, I can't help crying; but if your flowers die, or anything vexes you, you don't seem unhappy. Yesterday, I know you wanted very much to ride over to see Mrs. Andrews; but your poney was lame, and so you were obliged to stay at home. I thought you would have looked very grave and unhappy; and I whispered to Agnes, 'We must not ask Aunt Mary any questions now, for she is very unhappy.' Agnes was frightened, and asked what was the matter; but when I said, 'Did not you hear Richard tell Aunt Mary that she could not ride to-day, because Grizzle was lame,' Agnes

laughed; and when you came into the garden to us, she asked me if I thought you looked unhappy, and then I saw that your face was all smiling. I was very glad, because I like your face best when it is smiling; but I was surprised, and I said to myself, 'I wonder whether I should care, if I was as big as Aunt Mary?' Do you think I shall care for things as much when I am old as I do now?"

Aunt M. "Yes; I should think you would care more, but not for the same things perhaps."

C. "Not for my bird or my flowers?"

Aunt M. "I dare say you will care about them, and be sorry if any misfortune happens to them; but you will find so many greater things to care about, as you grow older, that you will not be so very unhappy as you are now, when they come to harm. Uncle Herbert cares about his flowers, and so do I, and we are sorry when they die."

C. "Oh! I am so glad."

A. "Glad that Aunt Mary is sorry! O Clement!"

C. "I am glad that Aunt Mary cares for the same things that we care for, and I am glad that it is not wrong to be sorry when our flowers die, because I never can help being sorry; if I try very hard and shut my eyes tight, the tears will come; I can hardly help crying now, to think of my pets dying."

Aunt M. "Then try not to think about it now, but listen to what I am going to say to you. It is not wrong to care for your pets, or to be *reasonably* sorry to lose them; but I do not think it is quite right to give way to such bursts of grief as you indulge in sometimes. Last Monday—"

C. "Please don't talk of last Monday, Aunt Mary; that

was one of my dark days, and I would rather think of my bright days."

Aunt M. "But if you will let me talk of them now, perhaps you may learn how to make them bright another time. Last Monday, when you found that some of your pinks had been eaten up by the rabbits, you cried for more than an hour. Agnes wanted to give you some of hers, but you put your hand before your eyes, and said that you could not bear to look at a pink."

C. "Because it made me think of those I had lost."

Aunt M. "And when you came in to your lessons, you could think of nothing but your loss, and made so many mistakes in writing your copy that I was obliged to look very grave."

C. "But you know, Aunt Mary, *that* was such a great misfortune; I had watched those pinks every day, and watered them so carefully in the evening after sun-set; and when I went to pick them for you, they were all gone."

A. "Yes, it was a great pity; they were blowing so beautifully, and then the rabbits bit their heads off, so that he had none to give you."

Aunt M. "I own that it was a great disappointment to you, my little Clement; but such disappointments and crosses are good for us all."

C. "Not good for *me*, dear Aunt Mary; you said that my lessons were badly done, because of my disappointment."

Aunt M. "So I did; but that was because you did not make the right use of it. If you had, it would have done you good."

C. "How?"

Aunt M. "Agnes, can't you explain this to Clement?"

A. "I think I can. Is it not, because we must meet with disappointments and crosses as long as we live in this world; and it is good for us to get used to them, and to learn to bear them?"

C. "But why must we have crosses and disappointments while we are in this world?"

A. "Because this world is not our home. We are travelling towards it; and it is good for us if the road is rough, because it makes us care less about the things we see as we pass along it. Is that right, Aunt Mary?"

Aunt M. "Yes, my dear; and when you were baptized, you were made members of Him who bore the cross, and was crucified for us."

C. "Then ought I to be glad when crosses come to me?"

Aunt M. "I should not think you could feel glad at the time; but I think you should try to comfort yourself by thinking that they are good for you; and if you bear them well, they will teach you to bear the greater sorrows, without which you can hardly pass through this world. I will tell you what I was reading about this, yesterday, in a book of sermons; and then we must go in, for it is getting late. . . 'To those who are yet young, every contradiction of their will, whether from elders or from the rudenesses of those of their own age, every little ailment, every petty disappointment, will, if they take it cheerfully, become a blessing—it is a touch of their Saviour's cross; and so, though painful at the moment, is

sweet and healthful afterwards.'" See *Plain Sermons*, vol. iii. *The Cross borne for us and in us*.

CHAPTER II.

It is a sacred calm ;
Nature looks forth from th' eye of closing day,
And on heart-feverish mortals strives to lay
Her sweet and holy balm.

I. W., *Thoughts in Past Years.*

AGNES and Clement were very fond of working in their gardens, as I have told you ; but they liked still better to walk out with their Aunt Mary in the summer evenings : and I am going to tell you now about a walk which they had with her on a fine evening in July. The day had been very hot, so hot that Agnes and Clement could not run about or work in their gardens, but were obliged to sit quietly in the house and amuse themselves with their books as well as they could. In general, reading was their favourite amusement, but this day was so very hot that they felt tired, and could not attend quite well to their books. However, Aunt Mary was so kind as to read to them for an hour in the afternoon, and then she taught them how to cut out figures in paper according to the rules given in a nice little book which Uncle Herbert had given them, called "Papyro-Plastics ;" and so between lessons and play the time passed happily enough. Then Uncle Herbert and Aunt Mary went to dinner ; after which he went to his study

to write his sermon, and Agnes and Clement set out with their Aunt to walk to the village. Just as they opened the garden-gate the church-clock struck.

"Six o'clock, Aunt Mary," said Agnes; "we shall have time for a nice long walk. I know where we are going, because of your village-basket."

Clement. "How fond the poor people must be of that basket,—there's always something nice in it for somebody."

A. "Not always, Clement; only when Aunt Mary is walking to the village."

C. "That's true; but, Aunt Mary, will you tell us what you have got in the basket, and who it is for?"

Aunt M. "Some pudding, my dear, for old John Hammond and Widow Jones."

C. "There is old John standing at his garden-gate! we will run on and tell him that you have brought him some pudding."

They found the old man very glad to see them; and after asking him how he was, whether the sun made him feel tired, and so on, they said,

"Aunt Mary is coming to see you, John; and she is bringing you some pudding."

John Hammond. "She be very kind, master, very kind indeed; and glad shall I be to see her, whether her hand be empty or full."

A. "Yes, we know that; but we hope you will like the pudding, because now that your teeth are bad you can't eat any thing hard."

C. [whispering] "If you say so much about the pud-

ding, Agnes, he will think that we think him greedy;—here comes Aunt Mary.”

Aunt Mary came ; and the pudding was thankfully received by old John Hammond ; and after she had rested herself in his cottage, and had a little talk with him, while the children ran to his bee-hives and amused themselves by watching the bees going in and out, they wished him good-bye, and went on to Widow Jones’s house. Just before they came to the door, Agnes reminded Clement in a whisper that they must leave off talking and laughing now, because Widow Jones was ill in bed, and full of trouble, and perhaps she would not like so much noise. They found her indeed both in pain and distress. She was a widow with two children, and had had a long illness in the winter, which had obliged her to spend all the money she had saved in better days ; and in her care for her children she had gone out to work too soon, had caught cold, and was now as bad as ever. Agnes and Clement sat down quietly on the only two chairs they could find in the poor woman’s kitchen, (neither of which were very good, to be sure, for one had but three legs, and the back of the other was broken in half), while Aunt Mary went up to see her, and asked after her aches and pains, trying to comfort her by saying that she might hope to get over her illness sooner in summer than in winter. The walls were so thin that the children heard Widow Jones say, “ I thank you kindly, ma’am, I hope I may ; but the doctor says that I shall never be able to do work again, and that I must be a cripple all my days. I try to think that ‘ all is for the best,’ ma’am, and to be-

lieve that my troubles are good for me. I have had many blessings in my time, and often found that what seemed troubles at the time turned out to be blessings in the end, and so I hope this will be ; but God's will be done. What troubles me most now, ma'am, is my poor children. Farmer Dobson is very kind, and says we shall not come to want as long as he is alive ; but as to their schooling, I must give up that, and that grieves me mainly, for often's the time I've longed to be able to read ; and my poor husband and I have said over and over again, that if we never had a bit of meat from Christmas to Whitsuntide, ma'am, Betsy and Willy should go to school and learn to read."

Aunt M. "Has Betsy been to school at all?"

Widow Jones. "For the last two months, ma'am, she has been to Dame Morris's school ; but now I could not spare her all day, even if I could afford to pay for her schooling."

After a few more kind words from Aunt Mary, they took leave of Widow Jones, and walked home. Agnes and Clement did not talk and laugh as they had done before, but taking each a hand of their Aunt, walked quietly by her side, for the poor woman's sorrows and her quiet submission to them made them very thoughtful ; and perhaps they might have recollected their conversation with Aunt Mary about disappointments, and the words she had told them from the *Plain Sermons*. Certain it is that the silence was broken at last by Clement's saying in a low tone, "Poor Widow Jones ! I wonder whether she had a lot of disappointments when she was a child ?"

Agnes. "Do you know if she had, Aunt Mary? I should think it is very likely, because you know she said she had had so many troubles turn out to be blessings afterwards."

C. "Yes, very likely some of those came to her when she was a child; but I am afraid she had no flowers to be eaten up by rabbits then."

A. "Perhaps not; but she might have had still greater disappointments."

Aunt Mary could not tell any thing about Widow Jones' early years, as Mr. Herbert had not long been Rector of Planiston, and therefore her acquaintance with the widow had been but short. Agnes next asked when the school-room would be ready. "You said Uncle Herbert was building one, did you not, Aunt Mary?"

Aunt M. "Yes, but I am afraid it will not be finished and ready for use just yet."

A. "Even if it was, you could not help Widow Jones' great trouble I suppose, because she could not spare Betsy all day."

C. "O Agnes! O Aunt Mary! I have thought of such a beautiful plan: could not Agnes and I teach Betsy and Willy?"

A. "Oh yes, do let us, Aunt Mary."

Aunt Mary smiled, and after some conversation she agreed to their request upon certain conditions, two of which were, that their little pupils should not interfere with their own lesson-times, and that they should be very gentle and patient with them. By this time they had reached home, and found Uncle Herbert waiting for them at the hall-door.

The next day they walked again to the cottage; and having settled their plan with poor Widow Jones, who was most grateful to "the kind young gentlefolks" for undertaking to teach her children, it was agreed upon that they should be at the parsonage at four o'clock the next day to take their first lesson.

CHAPTER III.

When thou dost purpose aught within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it is but small.

GEORGE HERBERT.

You will suppose that Agnes and Clement thought of their little scholars as soon as they were awake the next morning. They had some difficulty to keep them out of their heads during their lesson-hours; but they remembered the conditions on which they were to teach Betsy and Willy; and after a little steady trial the lessons were well done, and Aunt Mary pleased. Four o'clock came at last; but before the children arrived, Agnes and Clement talked with Aunt Mary about them. She warned them that the task they had undertaken might become (when it was no longer new) tiresome to them, for Willy as yet did not even know his letters, and Betsy was said to be a dull child.

Clement. "But then, you know, Aunt Mary, they will love us so much, and be so much the more obliged to us when they can read well, because we shall have to teach them a great deal."

Aunt Mary. "I do not know that. I mean that per-

haps they may not be so grateful to you as you expect, and perhaps they may not understand the use of learning to read, till they are older."

Agnes. "At all events, you know, Clement, we shall be doing them good, whether they know it or not."

Clement was too busy about some plan of his own to attend to what his sister said; he was walking from chair to chair, measuring the height of each from the ground. Aunt Mary at last asked what he was about.

C. "I want to find out the tallest chair. I must sit upon a high chair you know, or I shall look so little that Willy won't mind what I say."

Neither Aunt Mary nor Agnes seemed to think a tall chair necessary for teaching; so Clement sat down again in his own little chair and listened to Aunt Mary's advice, not to be in too great a hurry with Willy, or to expect him to learn many letters in a day. The lessons were to be given in the drawing-room, where Aunt Mary was sitting at work, so that she might give her advice if it was wanted.

Betsy and Willy came, looking rather shy at first, and seeming to have a great awe of "Master Clement," though he was not seated on a high chair. Agnes found Betsy quite as dull as she was said to be. She could spell c-a-t, cat, and d-o-g, dog; but it seemed quite impossible to make her see the difference between an *e* and a *c*, and a *p* and a *d*. She would call eat, cat, and pig, dig; but at last the difficulty was conquered, and Agnes hoped that the sight of her mother's pig at home would keep p-i-g in Betsy's mind till the next lesson. Clement's task was perhaps harder still, for Willy had never seen a spelling-book

before, and could not for a long time be made to know great A from all the other "queer strokes," as he called them.

It would take too much time to describe to my little readers the daily lessons which Agnes and Clement gave to poor little Betsy and Willy; so I will only tell them, that before Christmas, Betsy could read words of four or five letters without spelling them, and Willy was perfect in all the great and all the small letters of the alphabet; To be sure, they had a deal of trouble with their little scholars, and many trials both of their patience and perseverance. Sometimes they were busy weeding and watering their gardens when the lesson-hour came; and perhaps they wished to have gone on tending their plants, which seemed at the time to give greater promise of good fruit than their little scholars did. Sometimes, indeed, they began to fear that their pains were thrown away upon Betsy and Willy, and that they would never understand the wonders of spelling and reading; and perhaps Clement might have given up the task he had undertaken, when he found Willy so little sensible of the great kindness of "Master Clement" in teaching him "about the queer strokes," had not Agnes been by to remind him of the good which they hoped to do in the end to these poor children, and of Aunt Mary's words of comfort, that "they might trust that the good fruit would come at last, though it was long in coming, and that, at all events, they were doing what was right and kind." And so they went on, day after day, patiently bearing the disappointments which their first eager hopes of speedy success brought them, cor-

recting the mistakes and repeating the lessons which day after day were made and forgotten; and in due time they had their reward, at first only in the knowledge that they were doing what was right, but at last in the improvement and gratitude of their little scholars.

Perhaps some of my little readers may wonder that Aunt Mary did not teach these poor children herself, or pay for their teaching at school. It would certainly have been easier for her to have given the money for their teaching; but she wished that Agnes and Clement should early learn, that true charity does not consist in giving to the poor that which costs nothing to yourself; and she knew that the daily exercise of self-denial and patience, which Agnes and Clement were obliged to practise in order to follow out their kind intentions towards these poor children, would be of great use to themselves, and would teach them that true and never-failing charity which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "beareth all things," "is not easily provoked," "hopeth all things," and "endureth all things" (1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5, 7).



CHAPTER IV.

But where are now your pure baptismal springs,
Whence flows the stream which all our freedom brings ?
Where is the altar prized in holy eyes,
And waited on by white-robed sanctities ?

“Tush,” said one, “doth God perceive,
Or for trampled altars grieve ?”
Thus they whet themselves to rage
Of abhorred sacrilege.

I. W.

PLANISTON church, as I have said before, was very old. When Mr. Herbert came to the living he found it sadly out of repair. The walls on two sides of the church were very tottering, and there was scarcely a pane of the beautiful east window unbroken. In the inside, too, sad havoc had taken place. In the time of the Rebellion, when the king was killed, the clergy banished and ill-treated, and the churches defaced, Planiston church had not escaped. The rude hands of the spoilers did not spare even the altar or the font—both had been broken down; and although the former had been repaired and restored to its place by the last rector, who had found it among a heap of rubbish in the vestry-room, no traces were left of the old font, but in its stead was a small painted wooden one. Mr. Herbert was very much grieved at the sad state in which he found the church; and his first wish was to repair the mischief which profane hands had committed. All the money which

he could spare, after supplying the wants of his poor parishioners, was devoted to this object; and in two or three years much had been done towards restoring it to a better state; and more he hoped to do, were life and means allowed him to complete the good work. Agnes and Clement had heard much sorrow expressed by their uncle and aunt as to the neglected state of the church; and one day they talked a good deal with Aunt Mary about it, begging her to give them an account of the profanation of the churches in the time of the Commonwealth.

Agnes. "We know, Aunt Mary, all about the murder of King Charles, and the history of England at that time; but will you tell us what harm was done to the churches in those days?"

Clement. "How could people be so wicked as to injure them? Pray tell us about it, Aunt Mary."

Aunt M. "You know that the king would not agree to the demands of the parliament, who wished him to do away with Bishops, to have no form of prayer (like the services in the Prayer-book) used in churches, &c. &c.; and that he lost his throne, and in the end his life, rather than be unfaithful to his Church. The clergy were turned out of their livings for keeping to the rites, ceremonies, and ordinances of the Church; some were banished from England, others imprisoned, others placed on board of vessels in the river Thames, and exposed to cruel treatment and to great danger from the hatred of the mob, who were stirred up against them by false stories spread by the parliament. The churches were used as stables, and profaned in the most shocking manner. Horses were lodged

in St. Paul's church, and in St. George's chapel at Windsor. The soldiers drank and smoked at the altars, and even cut up meat upon them. The fonts were used as troughs for their horses, and a mock baptism performed on horses and pigs; the painted windows were broken, the organs taken to pieces and sold, or put up in taverns; and even the bodies of the dead were dragged from their graves, scattered about, or torn limb from limb."

A. "How shocking! and did the parliament approve of all this?"

Aunt M. "The parliament gave orders that all ornaments, pictures, crosses, and monuments, should be removed from the churches; and they were exposed to the attacks of a lawless mob and disorderly soldiery, who spared nothing sacred or beautiful. Petitions were in vain sent up to the parliament complaining of the attacks upon the churches, and praying for protection. They were unnoticed, and the sacrilege continued."

A. "Were all the churches in England spoiled?"

Aunt M. "No; a great many of the small parish churches escaped entirely or in part; the cathedral and large town churches suffered most."

Agnes and Clement thought a great deal of what their Aunt Mary had told them. They were walking in the garden one day, and Clement began,

"O Agnes, don't you wish you were a big woman, with a lot of money?"

A. [*laughing*] "Why should I wish that?"

C. "Because then you could make our church beautiful, and a number of others too, which were injured and

robbed by those wicked people who put King Charles to death ; and you could build others too, Agnes !”

A. “ Yes ; I *should* like to have money for that, though I don’t want to be a big woman yet.”

C. [*with a sigh*] “ I wish there were fairies now ! I should like to see one fly down upon a butterfly at this moment, with a purse of gold in her hand ; and I should like to hear her say, ‘ I will give Agnes and Clement this purse ; and if they make a good use of the money, they shall have some more.’ And then I would build such beautiful churches.”

A. “ It is of no use wishing for that, Clement ; if you wish for a year, no fairy will come.”

C. “ Then I wish we could do as Uncle Herbert and Aunt Mary have done.”

A. “ You mean, about giving up buying the things they wanted for the house, that they might put the church in better order ? Yes, perhaps some day we may be able to do this ; but till we can, we must try not to cost Uncle Herbert more than we can help, so that he may have more money to give to the church.”

Here Aunt Mary called them from the window ; so they left off talking, and went into the house.

Soon after this conversation, Agnes and Clement went with their aunt to pay a visit to their grandpapa, Mr. Leslie, who lived at some distance from Planiston.

His house was about two miles from the sea-side ; and the day after his little visitors arrived, he drove them in his carriage down to the sands, and Agnes and Clement saw the sea for the first time. They enjoyed

watching the waves rolling one after another till they burst upon the shore, and picked up shells and sea-weed "to carry home to Uncle Herbert." Very happy they were, and many new and strange things they saw on that day, but which may not be new or strange to my little readers. There were a great many people walking and driving on the sands, and many children in pretty little donkey carriages, the sight of which delighted Agnes and Clement. Their kind grandpapa, who was much amused by their hearty expressions of delight and astonishment at all that they saw, made them much happier by asking, "Should you like to drive about in a little donkey-carriage like those which you admire so much?"

A. "Oh yes, very much indeed, grandpapa."

C. "May we run and ask some of those children to let us get into one?"

Mr. Leslie. "No; I mean, should you like to have one of your own to drive in? because if so, I will hire one for you while you are with me, in which you can drive out every day."

C. "Oh, thank you, dear good grandpapa. Yes; we should like that above all things, if Aunt Mary says we may have it. We can drive the donkey by turns, Agnes."

A. "Yes; how happy we shall be! When shall we have it, grandpapa?"

Mr. L. "I am not quite sure, but I am going now to speak to the man who lets them out for hire; and you can run about and fill your basket with shells till I come back, and then we must go home."

Mr. Leslie soon returned with the good news that a

quiet donkey and a neat little carriage were to be at his door at two o'clock the next afternoon, in readiness to take Agnes and Clement for a drive.

All the way home, nothing was talked of but the pleasure of this carriage and donkey; and between thanks to grandpapa, and conversation about the name proper to be given to the donkey, they reached Hemiston House, just as they had settled that she should be called Nereid.¹

CHAPTER V.

Our God hath built His throne
In secret, ever nigh;
And they who self disrobe, alone
His presence can descry.

I. W.

EXACTLY at two o'clock the next afternoon the donkey-carriage was driven up to the door. Agnes and Clement rushed out to welcome Nereid, but soon returned to beg Aunt Mary to come and see her.

"You cannot think what a pretty donkey she is, Aunt Mary; and so quiet and good-tempered."

Clement. "She eats out of my hand so nicely, and lets me stroke her and pat her as if she had known me all her life. Now, is she not a beauty, Aunt Mary?"

Agnes. "The carriage is very pretty too, and painted of such a beautiful green! It looks quite new. Has it been used before?"

¹ The Nereids were the fifty nymphs of the sea, and granddaughters of Oceanus, according to the heathen fables.

"Only once, Miss," said the man who brought it; "and the donkey is the best *hanimal* I ever had to do with. I've known her from a colt; and she goes so free-like, it's quite a pleasure to drive her."

C. "What a dear kind man grandpapa is, to let us have this beautiful donkey and carriage! May we have a drive in it now, Aunt Mary? or is Nereïd tired with her journey?"

A. "Oh, we must not tire poor Nereïd, Clement; we can go to-morrow just as well, you know."

C. "Yes; we won't tire her, poor dear thing, for I want her to be very happy here, and to like us very much."

The man said that the donkey had been driven very slowly, and was not too tired to be used again; so Agnes and Clement drove her round the field two or three times, and then, declaring that they must not work poor Nereïd any more that day, they begged their grandpapa's groom to take great care of her and give her plenty to eat, and ran to tell Aunt Mary of the pleasant drive they had had.

She was rather amused at Clement's look of horror, when he was asked if Nereïd required the whip much?

"The whip! Oh, no! Who could be so cruel as to whip her? I would not have her whipped for the world! How can you ask such a thing?"

Agnes reminded him that the question was, whether Nereïd *required* the whip, and not whether they had whipped her much; and this led to a long account of her good qualities, which had been related to Clement by her owner.

During the month that they were to stay at Hemiston,

Nereid proved that she fully deserved these praises ; and Agnes and Clement had a number of pleasant drives in their pretty carriage on the sands, and in the roads near their grandpapa's house. When the month was nearly ended, and they were beginning to feel very sorry at the thought of parting with their nice quiet Nereid, Mr. Leslie told them that he would buy her and the little carriage for them, and that they should take them home to Planiston.

My little readers must fancy the delight which this fresh piece of kindness in their grandpapa gave to Agnes and Clement. They could not find words to thank him enough ; but he was quite satisfied with their joyful looks, and enjoyed the happiness which he was giving.

Two days after this, Agnes and Clement were in the room, while their Aunt Mary was talking to Mr. Leslie about the sad condition in which Mr. Herbert had found the church at Planiston, and of what he had done, and hoped to do to it. She shewed him a sketch of it ; and talked about the old altar which had been repaired, and of the loss of the font, saying that Mr. Herbert had spent all he could upon the church that year,—in the next he hoped to be able to put up a good stone font in the place of the small wooden one now there. Some passages in this conversation reminded Agnes of one which she had had with her brother in the garden, a few days before they had left home. She beckoned him out of the room, and asked him if he remembered it, and his wish for money to beautify the church.

Clement. “Yes, I remember it quite well ; and I wish it as much now, of course.”

Agnes. "Do you remember what we said then, that perhaps some day we might be able to do as Uncle Herbert and Aunt Mary have done, and give up some pleasure, that we might give something to the church?"

C. "Yes; but what of that? We have not got any thing which we can give up."

A. "Yes we have; think."

C. "Oh, I know what you mean,—the donkey-carriage; but, Agnes, we can't give up *that*. Grandpapa gave it to us; and that dear, dear Nereid, we never can give her up. The carriage I should not mind so much; but Nereid,—oh Agnes!"

A. "But the carriage by itself will not cost much. You know the man said that grandpapa was to pay 10*l*. for the donkey and the carriage; and I was thinking, that if grandpapa would give us the 10*l*. instead, we could buy a font for the church."

C. "I wish we could; but, Agnes, don't you think that grandpapa, who is so kind, would pay for a font, besides giving us the carriage?"

A. "No; I don't think he could afford it, and I am sure that it would not be right in us to ask him. Besides which, *we* should not be giving it *then*, which you know we have been wishing so much to do."

C. [*sighing*] "Certainly I should like very much to give something to the church, and particularly the font, but"

A. "But you cannot quite make up your mind to give up the donkey and carriage. Well, you need not decide directly; and pray don't look so doleful, dear Clement,

or I shall be sorry I said any thing about it. Here comes Aunt Mary."

Aunt M. "Well, my dear children, I suppose you were tired of listening to what grandpapa and I were saying, were you not?"

A. "No, we were not at all tired of it; we liked hearing about the church. I shall be very glad when it is put into nice order. When did you say Uncle Herbert hoped to get a new font, Aunt Mary?"

Aunt M. "I am afraid not till next year, my dear."

C. "Do you think it is right for people to give a lot of money to make churches beautiful? Of course it is very pleasant to them to give it; but I mean, do you think that God likes them to do so?"

Aunt M. "I have always thought so, my dear; and that God will accept as an act of worship, the humble offerings of those who serve Him 'in pureness of living and truth,' and who wish to honour Him by making His temples on earth beautiful, with the gifts which they have received from Him. We are told in the Bible that His wonderful and beautiful works (of which the earth is full) shew forth His praises (Psalm cxlv. 10); and I think that Christians should shew their gratitude to Him for all His mercies and their blessings, not only by works of charity to their fellow-creatures, but also by adorning His dwelling-places on earth, not with the money which they would otherwise give to the poor, but spending it rather in His service and to His honour, than upon themselves and their own houses and pleasures. We can never do enough to shew our love and gratitude to God. Let us then not pass by

this means of proving it ; but *deny ourselves*, that we may be able to give something for His glory and worship. But these offerings will not please Him, unless we try to improve our hearts at the same time, and to make ourselves more pure and holy, and more fit to be what we are called in the Bible, — ‘temples of the Holy Ghost.’ Do you understand this?”

C. “Yes, quite well, thank you, Aunt Mary.”

Aunt M. “I thought you looked as if you were not satisfied ; but perhaps you are tired, my dear boy. Come in and rest till it is time for your drive ; Nereïd will be ready, I suppose, very soon.”

CHAPTER VI.

Worthless and lost, our offerings seem,
Drops in the ocean of His praise ;
But Mercy, with her genial beam,
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
To sparkle in His crown above,
Who welcomes here a child's, as there an angel's love.
Christian Year.

CLEMENT was rather silent and thoughtful during his drive on this day, in spite of the pleasure it always gave him. His aunt's words about the duty of adorning the temples of God hung by him, and he could not help feeling dissatisfied with himself for not having agreed to Agnes's proposal. If he had put his thoughts into words, I think they would have been somewhat like these : “How good

God has been to me: He has given me such kind friends to take care of me, and so many pleasures and blessings, and yet I am not willing to give up this pleasure for His sake!"

When he came in from his drive, he found Aunt Mary reading some book which seemed to interest her very much, and which, she said, gave an account of some of the sufferings of the blessed martyrs in the first ages of Christianity.

Agnes and Clement eagerly begged her to read it to them; and she read aloud the history of the sufferings of the forty martyrs of Sebaste, who, after being cruelly tortured, and chained together in prison for a week, were stripped of their clothing, and exposed to a very sharp frost and east wind, on a very cold night in the winter, (which in that country, Armenia, was very severe,) that the violence of the cold might cause their death.

This account struck and interested the children very much; and when Aunt Mary had finished reading it, they had a long conversation with her, which ended by her saying, in answer to a remark of Agnes, wondering whether men would be found in these days to suffer as those holy men had done, rather than do wrong,—“I hope so; but I should think that the life of constant self-denial which the first Christians led, giving up every thing that this world could offer, and bearing contempt and persecution for the glory of God, must have prepared them to bear with courage and joy (supported by the Spirit of God,) those fearful agonies by which, at last, they gave up their lives for the truth of their religion;” adding, “that though Christians were not likely now to be called upon

to make *such* sacrifices, yet it was no less their duty to cultivate a spirit of self-denial, which was so strictly commanded in the Gospel, and which they were bound by their baptismal covenant to practise."

As soon as Agnes and Clement were alone together, Clement said, "Is not it odd, Agnes, that Aunt Mary should have told us about those holy martyrs to-day?"

A. "After what we had been saying about giving up Nereid? Yes; I thought of that when she was talking about self-denial."

C. "So did I; and I was so ashamed because I did not say 'yes' when you asked me about it before we went out."

A. "Well, you can make up for that now."

C. "Yes I will, if you please, dear Agnes. You are ready, I know, and I am sure that we ought to do it. Shall we go now, and ask Aunt Mary about it?"

A. "Are you quite sure that you shall like to give her up? because if not, we had better say nothing about it. I was sorry I had proposed it this morning, because you seemed so unhappy about it; and you are fonder of Nereid than I am."

C. "It is very good of you to say so, Agnes; but you say it because you know that I ought to have been more willing to give her up directly, and that was what made me unhappy just now. Now that I have made up my mind, I shall be quite happy."

A. "Yes; and think how happy we shall be when we see the new font put up in the church; and oh, Clement! when there is a little baby christened in it!"

They ran together to their Aunt Mary,—explained their plan to her,—and asked if she would agree to it, and if she thought Mr. Leslie would ?

She thought he certainly would, and heard them with great pleasure, but only said, “ Well, my dear children, I think you will have much more real and lasting pleasure from this sacrifice than the donkey-carriage would have given you ; but as this is a great sacrifice to you both, and particularly to my little Clement, as being the youngest, I would have you think of it again to-night. If you are in the same mind to-morrow morning, I will speak to your grandpapa about it.”

The next morning they both declared that they had quite settled to give up the donkey-carriage, and begged that she would ask their grandpapa’s consent. This was soon granted ; Mr. Leslie only saying, “ Dear children ! I wish they could have both, but perhaps it is better for them as it is.” Soon after this the man came to receive the money for Nereid’s hire, and took her and the carriage away. Agnes and Clement parted with her with greater courage than Miss Herbert had expected. She saw a tear in Clement’s eye, as he said his last “ Good-bye, dear Nereid ;” but he brushed it away, and ran into Mr. Leslie’s study with Agnes, to receive the ten bright sovereigns which he put into their hands. The evening was spent very happily in looking over some prints of beautiful fonts. Amongst them was one which Agnes and Clement thought particularly beautiful, of the font in the church of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford ; and Aunt Mary said that she thought Mr. Herbert would have one made for Planiston church

as nearly as possible like it. The next day Mr. Leslie accompanied his visitors to Planiston; where they found Mr. Herbert quite well, and delighted to see them all. The font was ordered immediately, and very eagerly looked for. It took more time in finishing than the children had expected; but they filled up the time by busying themselves in their gardens and visiting Widow Jones and her children; and when at last the happy day came on which the font arrived and was put up in the church, and when, on the Sunday following (Advent Sunday), they stood round it, and saw a little baby baptized in it, their happiness was complete; and when they knelt down at night to put up their evening prayers to God, their little hearts were full of gratitude to Him, for having given them the means and the will to make this offering to His holy house.

If any of my younger readers should think the sacrifice which Agnes and Clement made, in giving up their kind grandpapa's present, too great to be imitated, I must remind them that their Aunt Mary had early taught them to bear disappointments well, and that they had accustomed themselves to little acts of self-denial constantly, all which prepared them for this sacrifice; and I will also assure them that any sigh of regret which Clement might have given to the loss of Nereïd, was most fully repaid by the pleasure which the sight of the font gave him ever after—a pleasure which none can thoroughly understand without following the example of Agnes and Clement.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

“ LOVELY, lasting Peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind,
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head ?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.”
’Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved :
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confess’d the presence of the Grace ;
When thus she spoke—“ Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow ;
Then ev’ry grace shall be its guest,
And I’ll be there, to crown the rest.”

PARNELL.

THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day
I turn me to the Sun :
In clear or cloudy skies I say
Alike, " Thy will be done !"

THE VIOLET.

A LOWLY flower, in secret bower
Invisible I dwell ;
For blessing made, without parade,
Known only by my smell.

THE LILY.

EMBLEM of Him in whom no stain
The eye of Heav'n could see ;
In all their glory, monarchs vain
Are not array'd like me.

THE PRIMROSE.

WHEN Time's dark winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flower,
But not, like me, to fade.

A SENTIMENT FROM THE DIVINE HERBERT.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou, too, alas ! must die.

Be wise, then, Christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying ;
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

BISHOP HORNE.



TRAVELS OF HUMBOLDT.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT was born at Berlin, in 1769. He was educated at Göttingen and Frankfort on the Oder, and studied mineralogy at a celebrated school at Freiberg. He seems to have had a great desire for learning, and his favourite studies were chemistry and animal electricity. His fortune enabled him to learn by travelling as well as by reading. He visited England and Holland, Italy and Switzerland ; and in 1797 went from Vienna with his brother William von Humboldt, a learned and clever man, to Paris, where he became acquainted with Aimé Bonpland, a young botanist of note, with whom, on the 6th of June, 1799, after many delays and disappointments, he sailed from Corunna (a port in the north of Spain), with permission to travel through the Spanish colonies in America. At Teneriffe, one of the Canary Isles, they went up the celebrated peak of Teyde. The mountain which forms the island may be divided into five zones or belts. In the first, or zone of vines, they found many plants that grow in the hottest countries, such as the date-tree, the plantain, the sugar-cane, the Indian fig, and the clove-tree, mixed with the fruit-trees of Europe. The cultivation of the bread-fruit-tree of Otaheite, the cinnamon-tree of the

Moluccas, the coffee-tree of Arabia, and the cocoa-tree of America, has been successfully tried here. This zone reaches to the height of 1500 feet above the sea. The second zone, which may be called that of the laurels, is covered with oaks, chestnuts, and a great number of beautiful evergreens. The third zone, which begins at 5500 feet above the sea, is covered by a forest of pines; and the fourth and fifth with Alpine broom, &c. After these zones the barren part of the peak begins, and extends to an immense height. The Piton, or sugar-loaf at the top, is a small cone covered with volcanic ashes and fragments of pumice-stone, so steep that it would be impossible to reach the top but for the remains of an old current of lava, by grasping which the traveller is able to climb up to the top of the Piton. Mr. Humboldt and his friend were surprised to find scarcely room enough to seat themselves comfortably upon it; but the beautiful view, which met their eyes, repaid them for the fatigue of mounting, and the cold wind, which they felt severely. They reached the bottom of the crater in safety. Though it has been quiet for perhaps thousands of years, hot vapours come from the holes in its sides, which raised the thermometer to 160 degrees.

In July, Mr. Humboldt and Mr. Bonpland reached the port of Cumana in South America, and stayed there some time collecting plants, and examining the traces of the great earthquake in December 1797. The greatest pleasure known at Cumana is that of bathing, or rather sitting, in the stream Manzanares, which flows through the town. On a fine moonlight night chairs are placed in the water;

and the men and women, lightly dressed, pass some hours in the river smoking cigars and talking. They have no fear of being attacked by crocodiles; but are sometimes frightened by dolphins, which come up the river in the night, and spout water upon them.

The travellers next visited the valley of Caripe, and the celebrated Cueva, or cavern of the Guacharo. This cavern, which the natives call "a mine of fat," is in a rock covered with gigantic trees and creeping plants; it is 80 feet broad and 72 feet high, and was measured by Humboldt to the distance of 1460 feet, and he was told that its length was above 2500 feet. A river springs from it. The guacharo is about the size of an English fowl, of a dark bluish grey, and its habits are like those both of the goat-sucker and the Alpine crow; it feeds upon grain, and gets its food at night. Mr. Humboldt says that it is impossible to describe the horrible noise made by thousands of these birds in the dark part of the cavern, and whose shrill cries are echoed through the rocks. Once a year, near midsummer, the Indians go to the cavern with poles, and destroy the greater part of the nests. Several thousands of the birds are killed; and the young birds which fall to the ground are opened on the spot, and the fat (of which there is a layer forming a kind of cushion between the legs of the bird) is taken out and melted by the Indians in pots of clay, in the huts of palm-leaves which they build during their "oil-harvest," close to the cavern. This fat is called the butter or oil of the guacharo; it is half liquid, clear, without smell, and so pure that it may be kept good for a year.

On the 4th of November, the travellers felt a smart

shock from an earthquake, on the coast of Cumana. On the 21st they arrived at Caraccas, where they were surprised to see, in the port of La Guayra (three leagues distant from Caraccas), the mulattoes and negroes, employed in lading ships, waded up to their middles through the water without fear of the sharks, of which there were a great number in the harbour. The sharks, which were so dangerous at the island opposite to the coast of Caraccas, seemed harmless at La Guayra and Santa Martha; and the natives, by way of explanation, declared that the Bishop had given his blessing to the sharks in these ports. Humboldt went up the double-peaked mountain called the Silla, or Saddle of Caraccas, which, although so near to the town, had never been climbed by any of the inhabitants. From Caraccas he returned to Cumana, through the mountains of Los Teques, and along the banks of the beautiful Lake of Valencia, remarkable for the gradual lessening of its waters, attributed by Humboldt to the destruction of wood in the neighbouring valleys, which made the climate more dry. In passing a second time through the valleys of Aragua, the travellers stopped at the farm of Barbula, to examine into the truth of the accounts which they had heard of the *palo de vacca*, or cow-tree. They found these accounts correct, and that it is a fine tree, somewhat like the broad-leaved star-apple, and yields an abundance of glutinous sweet-smelling milk, when holes are bored in its trunk. This milk flows most freely at sunrise; and the blacks and natives may then be seen hastening from all quarters, with large bowls, to receive it.

Mr. Humboldt and his friend now descended to the

great steppes, llanos, or desert, which separates the chain of mountains running along the coast from the valley of the Oroonoko, and which seems to touch the sky, and looks like an ocean covered with sea-weeds. In the space of twenty leagues square the ground is often not a foot higher than the rest, in any one part; but sometimes banks of stones may be seen four or five feet high, and covering three or four leagues. The earth wherever barren is at 120°, and not a breath of air to be felt, although clouds of dust often arise. These plains seem to have become more dry and barren since the discovery of America, owing to the frequent setting on fire of the savannah, in order to improve the pasturage for cattle.

At Calabozo, Mr. Humboldt tried to get a specimen of the great gymnotus, or electrical eel, which is found in great abundance in the rivers which flow into the Oroonoko; and in order to procure some, the Indians proposed to "fish with horses." This is performed by driving wild horses or mules into a stagnant pool; the noise caused by their hoofs brings the fish from the mud to the surface of the water, and the Indians surround the pool, and by their wild cries and long reeds prevent the horses from leaving it. The eels defend themselves by discharging their electric batteries, which stun the horses, and cause them to sink under the water, where they are generally drowned, being kept down by the struggles of the other horses and eels. When the gymnoti have expended their electric force, they are easily taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords, by which, when quite dry, the fish can be lifted into the air without giving any shock. Some of those

examined by Mr. Humboldt measured 5 feet 3 inches in length, and the Indians said that they were often much longer. Mr. Humboldt says that "he does not remember to have ever received from the discharge of a large Leyden jar, a more dreadful shock than that which he experienced by imprudently placing his feet on a *gymnotus* just taken out of the water."

He and his friend proceeded now to San Fernando, and embarked on the river Apure. In the thick forests on the banks of the river were an immense quantity of birds of various kinds; and tigers, tapirs, peccaries, and other wild animals, were seen through the openings in the forests. At sunset the monkeys begin their whistling or moaning, which is heard at the distance of many miles, mingled with the screams of the birds and the howlings of the tigers and other wild beasts, who are said by the natives to be "keeping the feast of the full moon." The Apure, as well as the Oroonoko, is infested with crocodiles, resembling those found in the Nile, and very large (some measuring 17 feet in length); and with a small fish, only four or five inches long, which the natives call the *caribe* or *caribito*, on account of its thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, and often carries away great pieces of their flesh.

The travellers at last reached the Oroonoko (this river is in many parts three miles wide), and descended it till they came to the Temi, which flows into it. The forests on the banks of the Temi are often under water, and channels are opened by the Indians among the stately trees (often 100 and 120 feet tall). On beating the bushes,

shoals of fresh-water dolphins swam round the boats and across the forest, throwing out spouts of air and water. The canoes were dragged over land for four days to the Cano Pimichin, which brought the travellers into the Rio Negro (which falls into the Maranon, or river of Amazonas); and passing up the Cassiquiare to the north, they re-entered the Oroonoko, and came at length to Angostura, visiting by the way the cavern of Ataruipo, the tomb of a whole tribe, now no more. They saw here 600 skeletons in good preservation, and arranged in order, some being dyed red, and some covered with sweet-smelling resins, and wrapped in leaves of the plantain-tree. From the Oroonoko, Mr. Humboldt and Mr. Bonpland returned to Barcelona and Cumana, and proceeded through the southern parts of St. Domingo and Jamaica, to Cuba, where they employed themselves in improving the manufacture of sugar, in surveying the island, and making astronomical observations.

In March 1801, they went from Cuba to Carthagena, and took up their abode at the beautiful village of Turbaco: while here they visited "the Volcanitos," or little volcanoes, about two miles to the east of Turbaco, consisting of eighteen or twenty small cones, from 20 to 25 feet high, formed of blackish-grey clay, with an opening at the top filled with water. On approaching these, a hollow sound is heard from time to time, preparatory to a rush of air. The Indians believe that the plain upon which these cones are situated was once in flames, but a very pious man sprinkled it with holy water, which turned the fiery volcanoes into water volcanoes.

Mr. Humboldt and Mr. Bonpland stayed for some months at Santa Fè de Bogota, examining the plants, minerals, and curiosities of the country. The plain in which the city stands, although 8700 feet above the level of the sea, is surrounded by lofty mountains, and appears to have been once the bed of a large lake. The river of Funzha, or Rio Bogota, rushes from the plain by a narrow inlet near the farm of Tequendama, towards the basin of the river Magdalena. The cataract of Tequendama is very beautiful. The whole mass of waters collected in the valley of Bogota falls a distance of 600 feet, and the vapour rising from the fall may be seen at Santa Fè, five leagues distant. The plants at the foot of the cataract are quite different from those common to the plain above, owing to the passage of the river Magdalena through a warmer country ; consequently, the banana, sugar-cane, and palm-trees flourish here, while oaks, elms, corn, and other European plants, grow on the plain above the cataract.

In September 1801, Mr. Humboldt and his friend left Santa Fè, and visited the natural bridges of Icononzo. A small torrent called Rio de la Suma Paz works its way, after falling down two beautiful cataracts, through a crevice in the midst of the valley of Icononzo, probably caused by an earthquake. The bridge, of sandstone rock, nearly 50 feet long and 40 feet wide, and 8 feet thick in the middle, was probably formed by resistance to the shock. It is 400 feet above the torrent, and there is another natural bridge 60 feet lower, formed by three large rocks, which have fallen so as to support each other. There is a hole in the centre of this bridge, through which the bot-

tom of the abyss may be seen. The torrent seems to flow through a dark cavern haunted by birds, thousands of which are observed skimming over the water.

The travellers next resolved to visit the mountain of Quindiu, a thick uninhabited forest, which cannot be passed through in less than twelve days in the finest weather, and sometimes the traveller is detained in it for a month, by the falls of snow. The highest part of the road over Quindiu is nearly 12,000 feet above the sea, and the pathway over the steeps is in many places not above a foot wide. The journey is generally made in a chair fastened to the back of a carguero or porter; but Mr. Humboldt and his friend chose rather to walk bare-footed, and suffered much from wading through icy water, &c. They rested for some days in the valley of Boquia, sheltered in huts covered with leaves of the vijao (a kind of banana), which are waterproof. The fatigue and suffering they had undergone in their journey to Quindiu were fully repaid by the wonders of nature which they met with here. The peak of Tolina rises from forests in which the passion-flower grows like a large tree, and the bamboo is of an immense size and height. Here also they saw the palm-tree, the trunk of which is covered with a vegetable wax; &c. Proceeding through the valley of Cauca, and resting for a short time at Carthago, they went through the province of Choco, (famed for the quantity of platina which it produces), and passing by the gold mines of Quilichao, came to Popayan, at the foot of the great volcanoes of Purace and Sotara. The plain round the town is richly covered with plants; but beyond it is a chain of bleak and

bare mountains. The little village of Purace is celebrated for the beautiful cataracts of the river Rio Vinagre (so called from its acid waters, which destroy the fish for four leagues after they fall into the river Cauca). This small stream is warm near the source from which it springs; it forms three cataracts, one of which is above 400 feet high. Mr. Humboldt and Mr. Bonpland ascended to the crater of Purace, which is filled with boiling water.

They crossed Almaguer and Los Pastos, and arrived at Quito, after a wearisome journey of four months, at the beginning of the year 1802. Here they stayed for nine months, examining the country and its productions. They visited the volcanoes of Pichincha, Antisana, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Chimborazo. Cotopaxi, which is 18,800 feet high, is the most dreadful volcano in the kingdom of Quito, and its explosions the most frequent and dangerous. In 1738, its flames rose 3,000 feet above the crater, and its roarings have sometimes been heard at a distance of 200 leagues. It is a perfect and beautiful cone, covered with snow, and six times higher than the cone at the top of the peak of Teneriffe.

Mr. Humboldt and his friend attempted to reach the top of Chimborazo, and ascended, with much suffering, 18,576 feet above the sea, a higher point than had ever been reached before. Here, with blood rushing into their eyes and lips, they made experiments with the magnetic needle. The highest peak of Chimborazo was still 1360 feet above them.

From Quito, they went through Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, to the River of Amazons, and embarked at

the village of Chamaya, on a river which took them to the Maranon ; and Humboldt made a map of this great river.

In returning to Peru, they crossed, for the fifth time, the great chain of the Andes, and examined the rich silver mines of Hualguayoc ; and from Caxuamarca (celebrated for its ruins), they came to Truxillo, near which the site of an old Peruvian city is marked by pyramids, and under one of these a large quantity of gold coin has been found. Crossing the deserts which run along the coast to the south of Peru, they arrived at Lima, where Mr. Humboldt observed successfully a transit of Mercury.

In the beginning of 1803, they went to the port of Guayaquil, and after a voyage of thirty days reached Acapulco, in New Spain ; after which they visited the mines of Guanaxuato, and ascended the volcano of Jorullo, and examined its crater. This volcano, which is more than forty-two leagues from any active volcano, arose suddenly from the plain on the 29th of September 1759. It is 1700 feet high, and surrounded by 1000 little cones from 6 to 9 feet high, which cover eighty square miles, and all throw out flames at the same time. From the fruitful country of Mechoacan, the travellers returned to Mexico, through the plains of Toluca, where they saw the *Cheirostæmon*, supposed to be the only tree of its sort now existing.

In 1804 they left Mexico, and examined the eastern slope of the Cordilleras, and measured the heights of the two volcanoes of Puebla, and the peak of Orizana. The volcano of Popocatepetl is very active, although it only throws out smoke and ashes : it is the highest mountain in New Spain.

Mr. Humboldt went up to the top of the Cofre, or Coffer, a mountain 1300 feet higher than the peak of Teneriffe. (It is so called from a naked rock on its summit, rising 400 or 500 feet from a forest of pines.) After which; he went with his friend to the port of Vera Cruz, and arrived safely at the Havannah, where they staid for two months, and then sailed for Philadelphia, returning to Europe in August 1804.

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall ;
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all,
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array :
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And *thou* scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

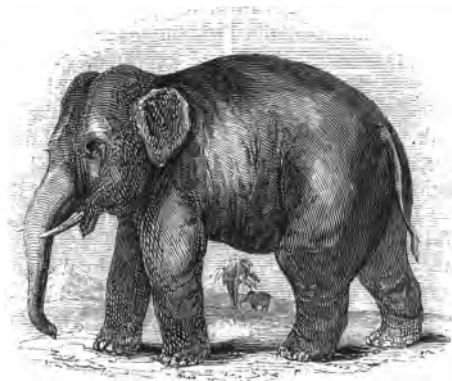
And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! Oh ! what is like thee ?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !
One thing is like thee to mortals given,—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.



ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.



THE ELEPHANT.

THE Elephant is brave, peaceable, and mild, and, when tamed, the most gentle, obedient, and patient, as well as the wisest and most intelligent of quadrupeds, except when ill-treated, when he is sure to revenge himself on those who have offended him. I can tell you a story to prove this, and which I know to be true, because the gentleman mentioned in it, told it to me himself. When he was a little boy, he went to Exeter 'Change, where animals were formerly exhibited ; and there he saw an elephant, whose

keeper asked him to treat the animal to a pot of porter. The porter was brought, and the elephant drank some of it. This little boy, being rather mischievous, as some little boys are, had played the elephant a trick. He had given him a gingerbread nut ; but when he put out his trunk for another, the little boy gave him a tap on it, instead of the nut which he had expected. The elephant was angry at this ; and when the porter was given to him, he remembered the affront, and kept some of the porter in his trunk. Then he snuffed up all the dirt and dust about the cage, and when the little boy came near him, he spouted all this into his face, much to the amusement of the spectators. I daresay this little boy never played tricks upon elephants again.

But the elephant, though provoked by ill usage, will hardly ever hurt those who have not injured him. I have read of one who killed his cornac or keeper, in revenge for some ill treatment ; this poor man's wife being present, in a transport of grief took her two children and threw them at the feet of the angry animal, saying, " Since you have killed my husband, take my life also, and that of my children." The elephant stopped short, grew calm, and, as if he was sorry for what he had done, and moved with pity, took up the eldest of the two children with his trunk, placed him on his neck, adopted him for his keeper, and would let no one else mount him. A mother has been seen to give her baby in charge of one of these animals. It was very amusing to see the wisdom and care of this unwieldy nurse. The child used to crawl about between the elephant's legs, and among the branches on which he was

feeding, and the elephant would lift it gently out of the way. If the child had crawled to a greater distance than the elephant thought right, he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot from which it had started, without frightening the child, who soon became used to its giant nurse.

Elephants are trained to carry burdens in many parts of Asia, and are made very useful in battle, tiger-hunts, &c. One, which was wounded in a battle, in India, ran furiously about the field, uttering terrible cries. A poor soldier lay in his way, unable to move. The animal approached, seemed afraid of trampling on him, took him up with his trunk, placed him gently on his feet, and went on his way without hurting him.

During one of the wars in India, an elephant was wounded by a cannon-ball. He was taken to the hospital to have his wound dressed for two or three days; after which he used to go there alone, and bore with patience the pain which the surgeon's treatment gave him, even when he thought it necessary to apply fire to the wound. A young elephant once received a wound in his head, which made him ungovernable. The keeper spoke and made signs to the mother, who instantly seized her young one, and held it down with her trunk till the surgeon had dressed its wound; and this she repeated every day, till it was quite healed.

These anecdotes of the sagacity and docility of the elephant, I have read in various books of natural history; but I am now going to tell one, which was told to me as happening a few weeks ago, to an elephant travelling

in a caravan about England. The caravan arrived at a turnpike-gate, where the man demanded additional toll for the size of the animal. The owner of the caravan remonstrated in vain, and the man refused to open the gate till the money was paid. Upon this the driver went up to the elephant, and whispered in his ear; and the animal immediately walked up to the gate, lifted it off its hinges with his trunk, and walked quietly through, followed by the caravan and his masters.



A Lion-hunt.

THE following story is related by Mr. Waterton in his "Essays on Natural History."

In the month of July 1831, two fine lions were seen in

a jungle about twenty miles distant from Rajcoté, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse and his friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. When news of this reached these gentlemen, they set off on horseback early in the morning, full of glee at the prospect of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, to watch the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started them. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion rushed from the cover, and went off across the country. The officers pursued him on horseback as far as the nature of the ground would allow, till they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, dismounted from their horses, and got upon an elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself upon the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the middle of the jungle, and found the lion standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. He allowed them to approach till they were within reach of his spring, and then made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While in the act of doing this, the two Lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off, but his fierce and sudden attack seemed to have terrified him greatly. It was the first time he had ever been engaged in a lion-hunt, and it was some

time before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable ; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on him till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking. The lion retreated farther into the thicket ; Captain Woodhouse in the meantime firing a random shot at him, which proved in vain, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face the lion, and they were obliged to dismount. Determined, however, to come to closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse resolved to proceed on foot in search of him ; and after some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him, but without success, for he only quietly retired to the thicker parts of the brake. The two Lieutenants joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun. The weather was very sultry ; and after vainly spending much time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off another way. The Lieutenants therefore returned to the elephant, and went round the jungle to discover the direction the lion had taken.

Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and the Indian gamefinder, who continued with him, at last saw the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to his commander, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. Having retired to a distance to load his rifle, he was joined by Lieut. Delamain, and pointed out to him the place where he would probably find the lion. Lieut. D. soon caught sight of him, and fired his rifle at him. This irritated the lion, who rushed towards him. Captain Woodhouse now finding himself in an awkward situation, resolved to stand still, in the hope that the lion would pass by, at the distance of about four yards, without perceiving him through the thick cover; but in this he was mistaken: the lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. The rifle was broken and thrown out of the Captain's hand, his left arm seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth of his enraged foe. At this moment Lieut. D. ran up and discharged his piece full at the lion, who fell with the Captain to the ground; and Lieut. Delamain hastened from the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crouch the Captain's arm; but as he had the courage to lie still, notwithstanding the dreadful pain this gave him, the lion let the arm drop out of his mouth, and crouched quietly down with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen enemy. While in this situation the Captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, upon which the lion instantly seized the arm, crouched it again, and fractured the bone still higher up. This hint was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse, and he remained motionless under the foot of his enemy. While in this bleeding and disabled state

he heard steps approaching, and the two Lieutenants hastening to his assistance. Unfortunately they were in a wrong direction, for the lion was between them and him. Aware, that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly said in a low and subdued tone, "To the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it came, and, to their horror, saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain fired from a distance of about twelve yards at the lion, over the person of his friend. The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

Captain Woodhouse was in all probability saved from instant death, by his resolution, in lying still in his dreadful position.

I have read, that lions are sometimes kept at bay by looking them steadily in the face. A Hottentot once came suddenly upon three lions among tall rushes. When he turned to make a sign to his companions, they advanced; but as soon as he turned his eyes towards them again, they stopped; and when the other Hottentots came up, and stood by his side, the lions walked off.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds the Master
Goes, to learn how all things fare ;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;
And for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk ;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !
Off they fly in earnest chase ;
Every dog is eager-hearted ;
All the four are in the race :
And the hare whom they pursue
Hath an instinct what to do ;
Her hope is near,—no turn she makes,
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost ;
But the nimble hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost.
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed ;
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks,—and the greyhound, Dart, is overhead !

Better fate have Prince and Swallow ;
See them cleaving to the sport !
Music has no heart to follow,—
Little Music, she stops short.

She hath neither wish nor heart ;
Hers is now another part :
A loving creature she, and brave !
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,—
Very hands, as you would say ;
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts and complainings ; nor gives o'er,
Until her fellow sank, and re-appeared no more !

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth !
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise.
More thou deserv'st : but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year.
This oak points out thy grave ; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past,
And willingly have laid thee here at last :
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years ;

Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day ;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of Death.
It came, and we were glad. Yet tears were shed ;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead,
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were—
Old household thoughts, in which thou had'st thy share,—
But for some precious boons vouchsaf'd to thee,
Found scarcely any where in like degree.
For love, that comes to all, the holy sense,
Best gift of God, in thee was most intense ;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind,
Not only to us men, but to thy kind :
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of love, love's intellectual law.
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And therefore shalt thou be an honoured name !

WORDSWORTH.



SIR WILLIAM JONES.

I AM going to tell you something about the childhood of a very learned and good man, who was afterwards a judge in India; and I hope you will learn from his example to be industrious and persevering. Sir William Jones was born in London, in the year 1746. His father died when he was only three years old, so that the whole care of his education fell upon his mother, who was very fit for the task. She took great pains to give her child a wish for knowledge; and when he asked questions of her, always answered, "Read, and you will know." This reply made him so eager to learn, that in his fourth year he was able to read any English book, and could say by heart some of Shakspeare's plays, and the best of Gay's fables. He was a very active and lively boy, and eager to try experiments, which, when at this age, nearly caused his death. Being left alone in a room one day, he tried to scrape some soot from the chimney, in doing which, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames. His cries brought the servants to his assistance, but his face, neck, and arms, were sadly burnt. Soon after this, he had another accident, by which he had nearly lost his sight. As the servants were putting on his clothes, which were fastened with hooks and eyes, he struggled, either in play, or in a childish pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By proper care, the wound

was healed in time, but the eye was so much weakened, that he was never able to see well with it afterwards. His fondness for reading was stopped for a time by these accidents; but as soon as he recovered from them, he read with eagerness every book which came in his way. When about five years old, as he was turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's dressing-room, he was very much struck with the beautiful description of the angel in the 10th chapter of Revelation; and when he grew up, used to talk with pleasure, of the great delight he had in reading it, even at that early age. When he was eight years old, he was sent to Harrow School, where he was remarked more for his diligence and application to his lessons, than for his cleverness or knowledge. His chief amusement besides reading was working in his garden; and in his summer holydays he learnt botany with his mother, who also taught him drawing, and the knowledge of shells, &c. When he was nine years old, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a scramble with his school-fellows; and this accident kept him from school for twelve months, and confined him to his bed for some time. But as soon as he was relieved from pain, he began to employ himself; and his mother was with him constantly, and amused him by reading to him his favourite books, Pope's juvenile poems, Dryden's translation of Virgil, &c. which he heard with great delight, and composed little verses in imitation of the writers. When he recovered from his accident, he returned to school, where he read and studied most diligently, to make up for the time he had lost. When he was twelve years old, his school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves by acting a play. William Jones

recommended *The Tempest*, one of the finest of Shakespeare's plays, and wrote it out quite correctly for them from memory. He did not often join in their games; but employed himself, in his play-hours, in translating Virgil, and other poems, and in writing plays to be acted by his school-fellows. He invented a play, in which Dr. William Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, and Dr. Parr, were his chief companions. They divided the fields near Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one to be under his dominion. Some of their school-fellows acted as barbarians, invaded their dominions, and attacked their fortresses (which consisted of hillocks). The chiefs defended their kingdoms from the attacks of their enemies; and in their pretended wars, they held councils, made speeches, &c. &c. In these amusements, William Jones was always the leader; and he could hardly ever be persuaded to join in any others. His mother allowed him to buy whatever books he wished for; but knowing that she was by no means rich, he did not buy more than were quite necessary for his improvement in his studies. His eagerness for knowledge was so great, that he used to sit up whole nights reading; and in the course of his life, he learnt twenty-eight different languages. When he left Harrow, he went to Oxford, where his talents and amiable disposition made him a general favourite. But as this account is only to be about his childhood, I will say no more than that after a few years he went to India, where he was made a judge, and at the same time knighted, and became Sir William Jones. He died in India, on the 27th of April, 1794.

ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.

THERE is something very remarkable in the manner in which the loss of one sense is often accompanied by an increase in others. Blind persons have a wonderful delicacy of touch ; sometimes so much so as to distinguish colours. A blind man being asked his opinion of a horse, said that the animal was blind of one eye, although this defect had not been discovered by people who had the use of their eyes ; and his reason for saying so was, that he felt one eye to be colder than the other. Another blind man discovered blindness in a horse from the sound of his step in walking, which he said shewed particular caution in the manner of putting down his feet. Two blind young men, brothers, of Philadelphia, knew when they came near a post in walking across a street, by the sound which the ground gave near it ; and they could tell the names of a number of tame pigeons with which they amused themselves, by hearing them fly over their heads. A tailor has been known to distinguish by touch all the colours of a Scotch tartan ; and to make a dress, fitting every stripe and colour together with the greatest exactness. Blind men have also been known to tell the exact time by feeling a watch, to play at whist, and to play on various musical instruments with perfect ease. Some account of Thomas Wilson, the blind bell-ringer of Dumfries, may interest my young readers, and shew them how much may be done by industry and perseverance, even when Providence has

seen fit to deprive people of the blessing of sight. Thomas Wilson was born on the 6th of May, 1750, and lost his eyesight by the small-pox, when he was so young as to have no recollection of ever having been able to see. When a child, he was fond of visiting the mid-steeple of Dumfries; and at twelve years old was made chief ringer. He learnt, after much labour and perseverance, the trade of a wood-turner, and by this he contrived to support himself without being a burden to any one. He arranged all his tools in such order upon his shelf, that he could always find the particular tool he happened to want, and he was even able to sharpen them himself. He lived by himself, and cooked his victuals with great nicety; fetched his own water, made his own bed, planted and raised his own potatoes, and cut his own peats; and kept his house as clean and neat as possible. He was always ready to help his neighbours in any way; and it was no uncommon thing to see blind Tom leading a tipsy neighbour home to his wife and children, on a Saturday night. In his trade, he was very ingenious; and made a turning-lathe with his own hands. His sense of touch was very nice, and he took great pleasure in visiting the workshops of tradesmen, and handling any curious article which they had made. At the time the Scotch Regalia were recovered, the old man was full of joy, and regretted to the last, that circumstances prevented him from visiting Edinburgh, and feeling the ancient crown of Scotland. Blind Tom's first visit, every morning, was to the bell-house; and he tripped up stairs as nimbly and confidently as if he could see, and was always punctual to his time. He was never known to

make a mistake but once, when he rang the bell at eleven instead of ten o'clock at night. About fifteen years before his death, the mid-steeple was repaired, and a new weather-cock put up; and blind Tom insisted upon going up to the top, which accordingly he reached in safety, and threw his arms round the bonny bird, wishing that he might long continue to point as truly to the four winds, as he himself shewed the time of the day. During the lifetime of George III., Tom was a most loyal subject, and on every 4th of June, ascended to the high leads of the steeple, and fired several rounds in honour of his majesty's birth-day, priming and loading his old rusty fowling-piece with perfect ease. He could walk to any part of the town of Dumfries without mistaking his road, and was often employed as a guide to strangers, whom he conducted with the greatest exactness even some distance into the surrounding country. His memory was very good; in proof of which it is said, that in crossing the threshold of a shop once, he lifted his foot very high; he was told that there was no step; upon which he remarked, "Just four-and-twenty years ago I was in this shop, and I am *gye* sure there was a step then." Tom was as well acquainted with persons as with places: if he heard a person speak whom he had not met for some years, he recognised him by his voice, and would say, "Eh, mon! 'tis lang sin' I've seen ye." He could always tell the hour by touching the hands of his watch. Tom Wilson and another blind man in Dumfries invented a game somewhat like draughts, with which they often amused themselves, and would detect each other in a false move. He died on the 13th of March, 1825, being

seized in the belfry, the night before, with an apoplectic fit. He was found lying on the floor, insensible, the next morning, and carried home, where he soon breathed his last. He had been ringer for sixty-three years, and was much respected for his honesty and ingenuity.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright :
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe,
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

CIBBER.

VISIT TO A SOUTH-AFRICAN CHIEF.

WHEN Captain Harris was travelling in Southern Africa in 1836 and 1837, he went through the territories of the chief Moselekatse ; and he gives an amusing account of his interview with that barbarian chief, (or king, as he is generally called,) in his Narrative of his Expedition. As he approached the royal residence, one of Moselekatse's heralds advanced towards Captain Harris and his companions, roaring and charging, in imitation of the king of beasts ; then placing his arm before his mouth, and swinging it rapidly, to represent an elephant, he threw his trunk above his head, and trumpeted shrilly. He next ran on tiptoe, imitating the ostrich ; and lastly, humbling himself in the dust, wept like an infant, at each pause proclaiming the courage and mighty conquests of his monarch.

Several chieftains now came forward to meet the travellers, and to welcome them in his majesty's name. These all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears ; all their heads were shaven ; and they wore, as their only dress, streamers of skin, like the tails of a lady's boa, fastened to a thin waistcord. Mohanycom, the king's page, next appeared, to congratulate his guests on their safe arrival. At last his

majesty approached to welcome them, attended by several of his chiefs and warriors. As he advanced, others rushed up with shouts, brandishing their sticks; women followed, carrying beer upon their heads; and two men cleared the way, roaring, charging, and prancing as the herald had done, and proclaiming their sovereign's titles. The expression of his features was cunning and suspicious; in person he was tall and well-made. The ring on his closely shaven head was ornamented with three green feathers from the tail of a paroquet, two behind, and one in front. He had a necklace of small blue beads, a bunch of twisted sinews round his left ankle, and the usual girdle, with leopards' tails, completed his dress. The interpreters being placed in front, the king began the conversation by saying, that he was glad Captain Harris had brought him news from his friends the white people. Captain Harris then produced the presents which he had brought for his majesty; namely, a greatcoat, lined and trimmed with scarlet shalloon, a coil of brass wire, a looking-glass, snuff, and beads. The sight of so many fine things quite overcame the king's dignity; putting his thumb between his teeth, and opening his eyes wide, he grinned, patted his breast, and exclaimed, "Monanti, monanti, monanti; tanta, tanta, tanta;" "Good, good, good; bravo, bravo, bravo." Captain Harris pointed out to his majesty the representation of an uplifted arm, holding a javelin, on the clasp of the greatcoat, which referred to his great conquests; and then presented him with a suit of tartan, sent by Mrs. Moffat, with a note, which Captain Harris read to him: upon which the king patted him on the back, exclaiming, "Tanta,

tanta, tanta." Then rising suddenly, he made signs to one of his attendants to help him on with the coat, dressed in which, he strutted up and down before the looking-glass with great satisfaction ; and then made Mohanycom put it on, that he might see how it fitted behind. This being settled, he threw off his tails, and called all his people to shake him into the tartan trousers, which it was no easy matter to accomplish. Soon after this, he sent all his presents to his kraal, and seating himself, tea was brought in. Gourds filled with beer were provided for the assembly. Captain Harris and his companion drank tea out of two battered plated goblets, while the king was provided with a flowered china bowl ; but with this he was not satisfied, and handing it to his attendants, seized upon Captain Harris's cup, and drank off its contents. He was always on the look-out for presents ; and repeatedly told the interpreters to say that he "liked all and every thing."

Moselekatse inquired after the health of the British sovereign, whom he declared to be, *next to himself*, the greatest monarch in the world ; adding, however, that the white king's nation was certainly second to his own in power. Captain Harris was impatient to proceed on his journey, and took leave of his majesty as soon as he could gain permission to depart.



AMERICAN FOREST ON FIRE.

THE traveller in America may sometimes see whole forests in flames, which spread rapidly on every side, destroying every thing which comes in their way. These fires are sometimes accidental, sometimes caused by hunters or wandering tribes of Indians, who set fire to the dry grass of the plains, or "prairies," in order to attract animals which feed upon the young and tender grass, which springs up in due time after the burning. The flames soon spread to the trees, and extend for miles and miles, leaving only scorched and withered branches, to mark the ruin and desolation which they have worked. Mr. Audubon relates an account which an American hunter gave him of one of these terrible fires; which he said was caused by insects, which had killed all the fir-trees some years before, by eating their leaves. Soon afterwards they began to fall, and covered the country around for miles; and when they became dry, they kept up and spread the burning of the other trees, when by accident or intention a fire was kindled in the neighbourhood. I shall give the description in the hunter's own words, as repeated by Mr. Audubon, in his *American Ornithology*.

"We were sound asleep, one night, in a cabin about a hundred miles from this, when, about two hours before day,

the snorting of the horses, and lowing of the cattle, which I had ranged in the woods, suddenly awakened us.

"I took yon rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub; when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly; and the cattle ran among them, with their tails raised straight over their backs.

"On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far-extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back, and saw the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

"We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

"By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned toward either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over, on swift horses; but notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat, and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however; coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the leese. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

"On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the

woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

"The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

"Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague-fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us, I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past; so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now.

Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deers were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted ; and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

“By this time, the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over hot ground and rocks ; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the ‘hard woods,’ which had been free of the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer ; but thanks be to God, here we are, safe, sound, and happy.”

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

ON the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feather'd coxcomb spied ;
When the little hopping elf
Gaily thus amus'd himself :

“ Hear your sovereign’s proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old :
I’m the lord of the creation,
I, a water-wagtail bold !
All around, and all you see,
All the world was made for ME !

Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises—when I leave my nest ;
And, behind the hills declining,
Sets—when I retire to rest :—
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME !

Vernal gales to love invite me,
Summer sheds for me her beams,
Autumn’s jovial scenes delight me,
Winter paves with ice my streams ;
All the year is mine, you see,
Seasons change, like moons, for ME !

On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees,
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease :
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME !

Boundless are my vast dominions,
I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky :
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
 All their humble distance keep ;
 Man, subservient to my wishes,
 Sows the harvest, while I reap :
 Mighty man himself, you see,
 All that breathe, were made for ME !

'Twas for my accommodation,
 Nature rose when I was born ;
 Should I die, the whole creation
 Back to nothing would return :
 Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 Sprung, exist, will fall with ME !"

Here the pretty prattler ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel hawk descending,
 Pounced him up, a helpless prey :
 Could'st thou not, poor wagtail ! see,
 That the hawk was made for THEE ?

MONTGOMERY.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

(Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.)

TREAD lightly here, for here 'tis said,
 When piping winds are hush'd around,
 A small note wakes from underground,
 Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;
Gone to the world where birds are blest !
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;
But love, and joy, and smiling spring,
Inspire their little souls to sing !

ROGERS.



THE STARS.

Miss Andrews—Arthur—Emily.

Arthur [coming eagerly into the room]. Oh, Miss Andrews, will you come out and tell us the names of the stars? There is such a quantity of them to-night; and you promised to tell us about them, the first clear star-light night we might have.

Emily. Pray do, dear Miss Andrews, if you are not very busy.

Miss Andrews. I am quite ready to fulfil my promise: so get your hats and cloaks, and come with me into the garden.

It was about *half-past nine o'clock*, when the children and their governess reached the lawn,—a fine frosty night on the *1st of January*.

E. Do look, Arthur, at those seven stars rather to the east of the north, something like a plough.

Miss A. That is the constellation *Ursa Major*, or the great bear. You know what a constellation is, do you not?

A. Yes; a number of fixed stars together, make a constellation.

Miss A. The four stars which make nearly a square, were supposed to form the body of the bear, and the re-

maining three stars, the tail. This constellation is also called Charles' Wain, some people fancying that it is like a wagon (or wain) with three horses.

A. The three horses are the stars in the tail of the great bear, I suppose?

Miss A. Yes; the two highest stars in the bear's body, named Dubhe and Merak, are called the Pointers, because they point to the Pole-star, which you may see exactly north, and which is in the tail of Ursa Minor, or the little bear.

A. The great bear seems to be standing on his tail now!

Miss A. Yes; but he moves round the Pole-star, and thus changes his position every hour.

E. When will he appear to stand on his feet? to-night?

Miss A. No; he was in that position at three o'clock this afternoon; but then, you know, he was invisible.

E. Then shall we never see him on his feet?

Miss A. Yes; in September and October at this time in the evening, and earlier for some weeks after.

A. The little bear moves round the pole too, I suppose? Now his back is turned to the great bear.

Miss A. He always turns his back to him, for they are always in contrary positions.

E. Well, that is not very civil behaviour of the little bear, I must say. But there are some stars between the bears, — what are they?

Miss A. They are in the constellation Draco, the dragon. His tail is between the body of Ursa Minor and the tail of Ursa Major.

A. But where is his head?

Miss A. He curls round, so that the little bear seems to be standing upon him ; and the four bright stars which you see lower down and N.N.W. form his head.

A. There are three bright stars about as high as Draco's head, but more to the west, and one above the middle star.

Miss A. They are in Cygnus, the swan. There is another star in her bill, which is now below the horizon, and which, with them, make a complete cross when it is risen. You may also see a very bright star between Draco and Cygnus ; indeed it forms a triangle with the brightest star in Draco's head, called Etanin, and one in Cygnus' north wing.

E. I see it, lower down in the sky. What is its name?

Miss A. Vega, the only bright star in the constellation Lyra. Nearly in a straight line above Vega, is Alderamin, a star in the shoulder of Cepheus. A line drawn through Deneb in Cygnus, and Alderamin, and continued above the Pole-star, would pass a little to the westward of a star in the belt of Cepheus, and through one in his right knee.

E. There are several stars nearly north-west, and higher in the sky.

Miss A. Those are in Cassiopeia, or the lady in her chair. A line drawn from the Pole-star through the star in the right knee of Cepheus, would meet one in the chair ; still more west is the chief star Schedir, which is in the lady's shoulder.

A. There are three other stars rather higher in the sky, which seem to belong to this constellation.

Miss A. One is in the chair, and the others in the lady's

leg. Now look under the tail of the great bear, rather higher than Vega, and you will see two stars, one in the arm, the other in the head of Boötes.

E. I see them ; and there is a single star brighter and higher, and almost north-east.

Miss A. Yes, Cor Caroli, or the heart of Charles, which is in the constellation Canes Venatici, or the hounds ; and there is a cluster of small stars more easterly, and rather lower in the sky, called Coma Berenices, or the hair of Berenice. Now I think I have told you all the chief stars to the north, now risen.

A. I think you have ; but you have not told us what that long stream of tiny stars is, which passes through Cygnus and Cassiopeia.

Miss A. That is the Via Lactea, or milky-way : it is only visible on a very clear night. Now turn to the east.

A. There is a very bright star just rising E.N.E.

Miss A. That is Deneb, in the tail of Leo Major, the great lion. The star in his heart is the brightest, and is called Regulus ; and there are four others above it, which make an oblong square, in his neck and head. The constellation Hydra, the water-serpent, is directly east. The chief star in its heart, Cor Hydræ, is just rising. The stars in its neck and head are faint, and can hardly be distinguished from two above them, in Cancer, the crab.

E. Oh ! do tell me the names of those two beautiful bright stars much above Hydra.

Miss A. The highest and brightest is Castor, the lowest, Pollux ; both in the constellation Gemini, the twins. Still

more to the south, and rather higher than Hydra's head, is Procyon, a very bright star in the constellation Canis Minor, the little dog; and a fainter one above, in his neck.

E. I see it; but there is one star brighter than all the rest, lower down and south-east. What is its name?

Miss A. Sirius; in Canis Major, the great dog. There are two or three other stars, not very bright, which form his back and legs. Three or four stars in Lepus, the hare, and one under Lepus just rising, in Columba Noachi, Noah's dove, bring us to the south; and above Lepus you will see a beautiful constellation, which is so particularly marked that you cannot mistake it. That is Orion, mentioned in the book of Job. The lowest bright star is Rigel, in his left heel; then there are two or three fainter stars in his sword, and three very bright, in a row, which form his belt.

A. I see them; and I remember that the gardener told us once that they were called the Yard; but he said that "gentlefolks, as was learned about stars and *them things*, had a grander name for them."

E. [*laughing.*] And that *grander* name is Orion's belt, I suppose. There are two very bright stars above it; what are they?

Miss A. Betelgeux and Bellatrix, in Orion's right and left shoulders; and one between these, higher and not very distinct, is in his head.

A. What is that line of little faint stars, which seems to join Orion, and leads up towards a bright red star, nearly south?

Miss A. They form the lion's skin, which Orion carries on his left arm ; and the bright reddish star is Aldebaran, in the eye of Taurus, the bull.

E. It seems in a nest of tiny dim stars.

Miss A. Yes, the Hyades ; and the cluster of seven stars, or Pleiades, also mentioned in the book of Job, are rather higher and more westward.

E. Are they all in the constellation Taurus ?

Miss A. Yes ; his horns are just over Orion's head. The star in the highest horn is also in the right heel of Auriga, the charioteer, the brightest star in which constellation is Capella, the goat, whom he carries in his left hand.

E. It is almost over my head, is it not ?

Miss A. Yes ; lower in the sky, and joining Rigel, is a stream of stars, which form Eridanus, the river Po. The lowest and brightest that you see is Theemini. Some of the stars join Cetus, the whale, in which there are nine or ten bright stars, the chief of which are Mencar, in its mouth, about as high as Bellatrix ; Baiten Kaitos, in its body, much lower ; and Deneb Kaitos, in its tail, just above the horizon. These bring us to the west, where there are four bright stars which form a square.

A. I see them, exactly west.

Miss A. The three lowest are Algenib, Markab, and Scheat, in Pegasus, the flying horse. The other is in the head of Andromeda.

E. There are two other bright stars, which seem to belong to Andromeda.

Miss A. One is Mirach, in her waist ; and the other (and the highest), Almaach, in her foot.

A. Then she must be standing on her head. There is a star nearly over her foot, what is it?

Miss A. Algol, in the head of Medusa, which belongs to the constellation Perseus. Algol and Almaach form a triangle with the brightest star in Perseus, still higher.

E. What is the name of that star in a line with Mirach, rather more to the south?

Miss A. Arietis; which, with the two dim stars just below it, are the only stars easy to be distinguished in Aries, the ram. Between Baiten Kaitos and Arietis is a star in Pisces, the fishes; and another below Algenib is in the same constellation. I think I have told you the names of all the chief constellations now visible; and it is quite time to go back to the house.

E. Stop, dear Miss Andrews, for one minute longer, if you please, and tell me whether the milky way does not pass through Auriga?

Miss A. Yes; and through Perseus, and between Sirius and Procyon.

The party were soon comfortably settled by the school-room fireside, and the children pouring questions upon their governess.

E. Why are the stars you shewed us just now called the fixed stars?

Miss A. Because they always keep at the same distance from the earth, and from each other.

A. Then how is it that they seem to us to be in different parts of the sky every hour?

Miss A. Because the earth moves round in a circle,

and therefore the inhabitants of the earth change their position to the stars.

E. What very odd names the constellations have! Do you know why they are named after figures and animals, for they do not look the least like the creatures they are named after?

Miss A. Some of them are evidently named by the learned men of the eastern nations, who were great astronomers (as is proved by the fact, that the wonderful star which appeared at our Saviour's birth, was first discovered and observed by the "wise men of the east"). Others were named by the Grecians and other heathens, after their false gods, &c. Shall I tell you some of their fables about them?

A. Thank you, dear Miss Andrews. Tell us about the bears first, if you please.

Miss A. I must first tell you about Boötes. He is supposed to be Arcas, the son of Jupiter and Calisto. Juno, who was jealous of Calisto, changed her into a bear. She was nearly killed by her son Arcas, in hunting; and Jupiter, to keep her from further danger, made Calisto a constellation in heaven (the great bear); and on the death of Arcas, made him the constellation Boötes. He is represented holding by a string two greyhounds, which seem to be barking at the great bear, and he is therefore called the bear-driver, and supposed to be driving the two bears round the north pole. Nothing is said about Ursa Minor.

E. Is any thing told of Draco?

Miss A. Yes; but different fables are given. Some say that it is the dragon who guarded the golden apples in

the garden of the Hesperides, and was made a constellation by Juno, as a reward for its services. Others, that in a war with the giants, the dragon was opposed to Minerva, who seized it, and threw it, twisted as it was, into the sky, where it became a constellation. Cygnus is said to be the swan, under the form of which Jupiter persuaded Leda, queen of Sparta, to be his wife. Their children were Castor and Pollux; the first of whom not being immortal, his brother Pollux shared his immortality with him.

A. How did he manage that?

Miss A. They settled to live by turns for a day in heaven. Lyra is the harp or lyre which Apollo, or Mercury, gave to Orpheus.

A. Oh! I know about that. He charmed Pluto so much with his music, that he gave him back his wife Eurydice; only, stupid man! he would turn round and look at her, contrary to King Pluto's command, and so lost her again.

E. Is there any fable about Cor Caroli?

Miss A. No; I believe it was so named in honour of King Charles II., by his physician, Sir C. Scarborough.

E. Who was Berenice, and why was her hair made a constellation?

Miss A. She was the wife of Evergetes. When he returned in safety from a dangerous expedition, she dedicated her hair to the goddess Venus; and when it disappeared some time after from the temple of Venus, Conon, an astronomer, declared that Jupiter had carried it away and made it a constellation. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiopeia. Cetus, the

whale, was sent by Neptune to destroy Ethiopia, in revenge for an insult to his sister Juno. In order to preserve his kingdom, Cepheus was obliged to tie Andromeda to a rock in Syria, to be devoured by Cetus. She was rescued, however, by Perseus, who turned the monster into a rock by shewing it the head of Medusa.

E. How could he do that? Who was Medusa?

Miss A. One of the Gorgons, three sisters who had the power of turning into stone all who looked upon them. Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danaë, cut off the head of Medusa, by the help of Pluto's helmet, Minerva's buckler, and Mercury's winged shoes and sword. From the blood which dropped from her head, Pegasus, the flying horse, is said to have sprung.

A. Why was he made a constellation?

Miss A. He was given by the Muses to Bellerophon to conquer a hideous monster; after which, Bellerophon attempted to fly to heaven on his back. This enraged Jupiter, who sent an insect to sting Pegasus, so that he threw down Bellerophon, and continuing his flight to heaven was placed by Jupiter among the constellations.

E. Now will you tell us about Auriga?

Miss A. He is represented on the globe, kneeling, with a goat and her kids in his left, and a bridle in his right hand. But the Greeks give different fables about him. He is supposed to have been a son of Mercury, and to have invented chariots, and the manner of harnessing horses to draw them.

A. But is nothing said about Capella, the goat?

Miss A. She is supposed to have been Amalthea, daugh-

ter of Melissus, king of Crete, and made a constellation because she and her sister fed Jupiter with goats' milk; but no reason is given for her being with Auriga.

E. I want to know about Orion.

Miss A. Some fables say that he was the son of Neptune and Euryale, and the greatest hunter in the world; others, that he was produced from the hide of an ox, sacrificed by Hyrieus, a peasant of Bœotia, to Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury. In reward for his hospitality, they thus granted his wish for a son. Orion is represented with a sword in his belt, and holding a club and lion's skin in his hands. Lepus is placed under him, as being one of the animals hunted by him.

A. I suppose Canis Major and Minor were his hounds.

Miss A. That is one fable about them. But the Egyptians, who probably gave them these names, are said to have called the bright star Sirius, the sentinel or watchdog of the year, because by its rising they judged of the swelling of the Nile; and the little dog, which rises before Sirius, is represented as a little watchful creature giving notice of the other's approach. The Hyades and Pleiades were the daughters of Atlas, king of Mauritania (in Africa).

E. Why were they made stars?

Miss A. The Hyades were placed in the sky "for piously bewailing the death of their brother Hyas." But I do not know why the Pleiades shared the same honour. Eridanus was placed there, because this river (in Italy) received Phaeton, when Jupiter struck him with thunderbolts for overturning the chariot of the Sun. Hydra is the water-serpent which infested the lake Lema in Pelopon-

nesus. It had a great number of heads; and as soon as one was cut off, another grew in its stead. It was killed by Hercules; but I do not know why it was made a constellation.

A. You have not told us about Leo. Was he not the great lion which dropped from the moon, and ravaged the country about Nemæa, a town in Peloponnesus, till he was strangled by Hercules?

Miss A. Yes; and put in the sky in honour of that hero by Jupiter, according to the Greek fables; but it is most likely that the names of Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, and Pisces, and of the other (zodiacal) constellations in the apparent path of the Sun, were given by the Egyptians, to represent some remarkable events in each month. The spring-signs, Aries, Taurus, and Gemini, probably represented the birth of the sheep, black-cattle, and the goats, (called the twins, because the number of their young was greater than that of the others). When the Sun is in Cancer, it seems to return back towards the south pole; and this backward motion is represented by a crab, which is said to go backwards. The heat, which usually follows in the next month, is represented by the lion.

A. [*laughing*] Did they mean to shew that the heat was as fierce as the lion is?

Miss A. Perhaps so; but at this season thirst frequently obliges the lion to leave the sandy desert, and make his appearance on the banks of the river Nile.

E. You have not told us about Pisces. How are they represented on the globe?

Miss A. Tied together by a string. Perhaps they sig-

nify the fishing season, as they form one of the winter-signs (in February), when the severity of the winter is past, and the seas and rivers are free from ice, and abound with fish.—Now, my dear children, you must go to bed. Some day, I will tell you from what historical facts the fables about some of the constellations are supposed to have arisen.

E. Before we go, will you tell us how such fables ever came to be invented?

Miss A. Although the worship of One True God was unknown to the Egyptians, Grecians, &c., they could not but see that there must be some Great Power, superior to man, by whom nature was governed and ordered; and so, in their ignorance, they began to worship the sun and moon, the earth, the sea, &c., and other things in nature, that were of use to them or beautiful to look at; and from this, they came to worship men who had done any service to mankind, gained any great victories, or in any way distinguished themselves while living. The absurd fables which the heathens have invented about these, and the wicked passions which they describe as common to the objects of their worship, shew what miserable ideas mankind will form of Divine Power and Goodness when left to themselves, without the light of God's Word to guide them: and the more we read of them, the more must our hearts be filled with gratitude for the blessings which Christians enjoy, in having the great and holy truths, which were unknown to the best and wisest heathens, taught even to little children.

HYMN.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" *The Hand that made us is divine.*"

ADDISON.

HYMNS.

FOR THE MORNING.

Now that the day-star doth arise,
Beg we of God, with humble cries,
Hurtful things to keep away,
While we duly spend the day :
Our tongues to guide, so that no strife
May breed disquiet in our life.

.
That when the daylight shall go out,
Time bringing on the night about,
We, by leaving worldly ways,
May in silence sing God's praise.

Amen.

PRAYER.

.
NOTHING more grateful
In the Highest's eyes ;
Nothing more firm
In danger to protect us ;

Nothing more forcible
To pierce the skies,
And not depart,
Till mercy do respect us.
And as the soul
Life to the body gives,
So prayer revives
The soul,—by prayer it lives.

O THOU God Almighty,
Father of all mercy,
Fountain of all pity,
Grant, we beseech Thee,
Of Thy great clemency,
On us to have mercy,
Now, and at the hour of death.

From BISHOP COSIN'S Hours of Prayer.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven !
If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

.
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God !

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray !

Christian Year.

FOR THE EVENING.

BLESSED Saviour ! Lord of all !
Vouchsafe to hear us when we call ;
And now to those propitious be,
That in prayer bow to Thee,
Still to be kept from misery.

Great Ruler of the day and night,
On our darkness cast Thy light ;
And let Thy Passion pardon win,
For what we have offended in
Thought, or word, or deed of sin.

Let not dull sleep oppress our eyes,
Nor us the enemy surprise,
Nor fearful dreams our minds affright,
While the blackness of the night
Holds from us the cheerful light.

Honour, Lord, to Thee be done,
O Thou blessed Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
As is Thine eternal merit,
Ever and ever to inherit.

Amen.

AN ADMONITION BEFORE WE GO TO SLEEP.

PERMIT not sluggish sleep
To close your waking eye,
Till that with judgment deep
Your daily deeds you try.
He that his sins in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More desperate is than he that sleeps
Amidst his mortal foes.

AS WE LIE DOWN TO SLEEP.

At night lie down ;
 Prepare to have
 Thy sleep thy death—
 Thy bed thy grave.

Awake, arise ;
 Think that thou hast
 Thy life but lent—
 Thy breath a blast.

From BISHOP COSIN'S Hours of Prayer.

WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own ark ;
 Amid the howling, wintry sea,
 We are in port if we have Thee.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Christian Year.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

BISHOP HEBER.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

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